

HYGIENE AND HEALTH SERIES
EMERSON AND BETTS
THE HEALTH GAME



R. KATHARINE BEESON
THE BOBBS MERRILL COMPANY

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San Francisco, California
2006

Dick Kreps

To all the children in American schools
Who wish to learn the Health and Happiness Game

THE HEALTH GAME



"Fox and Goose" is part of the health game.

THE HEALTH GAME

By

R. KATHARINE BEESON

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Lafayette Public Schools*

ILLUSTRATED BY

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To Doctor William F. King, my thanks are due for advice on various subjects bearing on a health program for children.

To Doctor George A. Wyeth and Mrs. Wyeth, I am grateful for a critical reading of the manuscript of this book.

To Doctor E. V. McCollum and the Frederic C. Matthews Publishing Company, I am indebted for generous permission to use suggestive menus for different seasons, taken from *The American Home Diet*, by McCollum and Symmonds.

THE CHILDREN WHO PLAYED THE GAME

Children who read this book, let me introduce to you the boys and girls who played the game:

THE HEALTHY AND STURDY GROUP

FRANK, the engineer's son, who has a little shop of his own.
JEAN, the dentist's daughter, who does "whatever daddy says."

HENRY, the garbage incinerator's son, who helps mother teach his little brother.

JERRY, a keen little southern girl, who wants to be a "chemist like daddy."

WILLIAM, the laborer's son, who helps his father after school.

ESTHER, the nurse's daughter, who "has to mind mother."

FREDERIC, serious and studious. Wants to be a surgeon like his father.

HELEN, who can make-believe anything.

NED, the coach's son. Helps his father work in the garden.

ALICE, the blacksmith's daughter, who adores her father.

Shy little ETHEL, old-fashioned child, loved by everybody.

MARY, the cafeteria cook's daughter.

PAUL, the grocer's son, who "helps dad deliver" and is proud of his job.

FRITZINA, the meat dealer's daughter, who "helps in the shop."

SARAH, who loves everybody, teases everybody, and "always gets there first."

JONATHAN, who started the game.

THE UNDER-WEIGHT CHILDREN

MARGERY, who wears tooth braces and glasses. Reads fairy stories in bed.

BRUCE, who has had pneumonia.

EZRA, weazened little fellow, who gets his own breakfast and "eats out of cans."

LIFSCHA, the little immigrant girl, afraid she will not pass.

DOROTHY, who takes care of the baby and eats cold lunches.

INA, spoiled child, whose mother is making a trip around the world.

ISAAC, who lives at the little food shop; "eats when he pleases."

LEONARD, who lives on a farm and goes to school in town.

RUTH, the oculist's daughter, who won't have her tonsils removed.

EDNA, who is "just nervous" and always wants to *do* something.

ROBERT, who has adenoids and bad tonsils. Eats pickles, drinks pink pop, and sleeps on a pile of pillows.

OSCAR BLUFFER, worst case of all. Movies at night, pink pop, gum-drops, and other bad habits.

THE BARELY UP-TO-STANDARD GROUP

BILL, the minister's son, who wants to be tackle on the team. Likes pie and won't drink milk.

TOM, the doctor's son, who wants to be half-back, if he can't have a man-size radio outfit and plenty of books about it. Reads too much and plays too little.

THE LAZY, GREEDY BOY

JIMMY LAZYLADD, who has too much money to spend.

CONTENTS

| CHAPTER | | PAGE |
|---------|--|------|
| I. | HOW THE GAME STARTED..... | 1 |
| | 1. THE NEW BOY'S NICKNAME..... | 1 |
| | 2. THE NEW TEACHER..... | 3 |
| | 3. MORE NICKNAMES | 6 |
| | 4. THE CHILDREN PLAN THE GAME..... | 9 |
| II. | MOTHERS AND TEACHERS MUST HELP PLAY THE HEALTH GAME..... | 19 |
| | 1. WHY SHOULD CHILDREN BE WEIGHED?.. | 23 |
| | 2. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE UNDER- WEIGHTS' FOOD HABITS?..... | 26 |
| | 3. HOW CAN MOTHERS HELP PLAY THE GAME? .. | 31 |
| | (1) Don'ts for All of You..... | 36 |
| III. | RULES OF THE GAME: CLEANLINESS IS THE FIRST RULE..... | 39 |
| | 1. WHY HAVE HANDS CLEAN?..... | 39 |
| | (1) Cleanliness Code, Number I..... | 55 |
| | (2) Do-Its for Everybody | 57 |
| | (3) Don'ts for Everybody | 58 |
| | 2. WHY MUST THE BODY BE BATHED OFTEN? .. | 59 |
| | (1) Cleanliness Code, Number II..... | 70 |
| | (2) Do-Its for Everybody | 71 |
| | (3) Don'ts for Everybody | 71 |
| | 3. WHY SHOULD OUR TEETH NOT BE FOR- GOTTEN? | 72 |
| | (1) Correct Eating Habits Help Make Good Teeth | 77 |

CONTENTS—*Continued*

CHAPTER

PAGE

| | | |
|-----|---|-----|
| | | |
| | (2) Cleanliness Code, Number III | 81 |
| | (3) Do-Its | 83 |
| | (4) Don'ts | 83 |
| 4. | HOW CAN THE HAIR BE KEPT CLEAN, SOFT AND ATTRACTIVE? | 84 |
| | (1) Cleanliness Code, Number IV | 87 |
| IV. | RULES OF THE GAME: KINDNESS IS THE SECOND RULE..... | 89 |
| | 1. WHY DO WE NEED THE GOLDEN RULE?.. | 89 |
| | 2. HOW CAN WE PRACTISE THE GOLDEN RULE AS GUESTS? | 98 |
| | (1) The Table Code, as Bill and Jonathan Worked It Out | 103 |
| | (2) The Party Code, as Jerry and Sarah Planned It With Their Mothers' Help | 106 |
| | 3. HOW CAN WE PRACTISE THE GOLDEN RULE AT HOME? | 109 |
| | (1) A Home Behavior Code | 113 |
| | (2) Do-Its for Everybody at Home | 113 |
| | (3) Don'ts for Everybody at Home | 115 |
| | 4. HOW SHALL WE BEHAVE ON THE STREET? 117 | |
| | (1) A Street Behavior Code | 121 |
| | Politeness Rules | 121 |
| | Safety-First Rules | 121 |
| | 5. HOW CAN WE PRACTISE THE GOLDEN RULE AS HOUSE GUEST OR HOST? | 122 |
| | (1) A Children's House Guest Code | 124 |
| | (2) A Children's Host or Hostess Code | 128 |
| | 6. HOW CAN WE PRACTISE THE GOLDEN RULE AT SCHOOL? | 129 |

CONTENTS—*Continued*

CHAPTER

PAGE

| | | |
|-----|--|-----|
| V. | RULES OF THE GAME: GOOD NOURISHMENT IS THE THIRD RULE..... | 132 |
| 1. | WHY DO WE EAT? | 132 |
| 2. | WHAT SHOULD WE EAT? | 139 |
| (1) | Fuel Foods | 141 |
| (2) | Building Foods | 141 |
| (3) | Protective Foods | 141 |
| 3. | FOOD DEALERS MUST HELP PLAY THE HEALTH GAME | 143 |
| 4. | HOW DO SCREENS AND REFRIGERATORS HELP PLAY THE HEALTH GAME?..... | 147 |
| 5. | WHAT SHOULD WE KNOW ABOUT FOODS?. | 151 |
| 6. | HOW MUCH FOOD DO WE NEED? | 154 |
| 7. | THE MILK STORY | 155 |
| 8. | WHAT MAKES CHILDREN GROW? | 160 |
| 9. | TOM'S VITAMIN STORY | 162 |
| 10. | COOKS MUST HELP PLAY THE HEALTH GAME | 166 |
| 11. | WHAT BEVERAGES SHALL WE DRINK?.. | 170 |
| 12. | MENUS FOR YOUR MOTHERS | 173 |
| (1) | Summer | 173 |
| (2) | Winter | 176 |
| (3) | Spring | 180 |
| (4) | Fall | 183 |
| VI. | RULES OF THE GAME: GOOD HEALTH HABITS THE FOURTH RULE..... | 187 |
| 1. | A HEALTH-HABITS ROUND TABLE | 187 |
| 2. | THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR | 187 |
| 3. | WHY DO WE HAVE "BAD COLDS"?..... | 189 |
| 4. | HOW DOES FRESH AIR PREVENT COLDS? | 190 |
| (1) | Do-Its | 193 |
| (2) | Don'ts | 193 |

CONTENTS—*Concluded*

CHAPTER

PAGE

| | |
|---|-----|
| 2. HOW CAN WE MAKE OUR NEIGHBORHOOD SAFE FROM DISEASE? | 223 |
| (1) Our Health-Safety Code | 227 |
| 3. WHAT WOULD MY NEIGHBORHOOD BE IF ALL THE NEIGHBORS WERE JUST LIKE ME? 227 | |
| (1) A Community Code | 231 |

THE HEALTH GAME

THE HEALTH GAME

I

HOW THE GAME STARTED

THE NEW BOY'S NICKNAME

All the children agreed that Jonathan Wonder-Why started the game. Now of course Jonathan Wonder-Why was not his real name. You guess that at once. But that is what all the boys and girls called him before he had been in the school a week.

Joseph Nathan Welborn was his whole name, and he did not like it. He said it was too long. His nickname was almost as long, but he liked it. Nearly every boy likes a good nickname.

Jonathan had brown eyes that were a joy to look into, and soft brown hair with a stubborn little cowlick. He had a smile that came and went so

fast you could hardly believe it moved. When he left home in the morning, he looked like a spick and span little gentleman, for his mother took care of that.

When he returned in the afternoon, he looked as if he had dressed in the dark and had perhaps mistaken some other boy's clothing for his own. His trousers wrinkled and twisted. So did his stockings. He looked as if he had found many



The boy who started the game and the girl who knew all the games.

puddles to wade in, and many things to kick out of the way. And his hands—Dear me!

“Go to the bathroom, Joseph, and wait for me there,” was nearly always his mother’s greeting.

But everybody liked Jonathan. Don’t you?

Jonathan had gone to school little and traveled much, wondering wherever he went. He asked questions everywhere. He read big books much faster than the other children read their little ones, and when he wondered, he was not afraid to say so. By and by, all the children caught the habit.

Miss Justright, the teacher, sometimes called this boy Joseph, as his mother did. Sometimes Joe, as little Ethel called him. Other times she said Joe Nathan, or Jonathan, just like the boys and girls. Once, when she was in a great hurry, she called him “J” and let it go at that.

Jonathan smiled till his big brown eyes shut. Then he exploded outright and made everybody laugh.

THE NEW TEACHER

These children had never been expected to bring their wonder-whys to school. In fact, some of them

had been punished for “speaking up without permission.” They had not been expected to do anything at school but “study” their lessons and “recite.”

And bless your heart, they did not know how to study, not a single one of them. They came to school to learn how, and everybody seemed to think they already knew. What do you think of that? Sometimes their wonders became so hard to bear they “whispered.” Then they were in for more punishment.

But Miss Justright was different. She came to the school at the beginning of Jonathan’s first term there. She never seemed in the least shocked when he pushed his hands into his pockets, or clasped them behind his head, and *wondered*. And such a head full of wonders as Jonathan had! Miss Justright liked for boys and girls to wonder, and so she would say, quite naturally:

“Who can satisfy Joseph?” Or Joe, or Joe Nathan, or “J,” or Jonathan, whichever she happened to call him.

Miss Justright was not her real name, any more than Jonathan was Joseph’s. She wrote her name, Justine Lowell. But before the end of the second

day, the class had decided, once for all, that she was "just right."

Sarah Sharp-Ears, who loved everybody and teased everybody, first gave her the nickname and whispered it to Bill, who wanted to be tackle on the team. The two of them passed the word along.

Immediately all the children began to call her Miss Justright. Not "to her face," in the beginning. Oh, no! But "behind her back," they all called her that. It was their best joke for a whole day.

Then on Thursday of the very first week, somebody forgot and said it right out in school. Of course everybody laughed. After that it was easy, and before long the children almost forgot her real name. Miss Lowell never seemed to notice her nickname.

"I wonder why some boys are so fat and some boys so skinny," Jonathan broke out on Friday, about eleven o'clock.

Not a boy or girl smiled. Neither did Miss Lowell. She had seen Jonathan looking in a puzzled way, first at Jimmy Lazyladd, who seemed to have no bones at all, and then at Oscar Bluffer, who appeared to be nearly all bones.

Miss Lowell knew that book lessons are always

hardest from eleven o'clock on until lunch time. She wondered what Jonathan was thinking, but she only said with a twinkle they had already begun to watch for:

"Let's have a wonder-why party every day and make a book of our wonder-whys."

"A really truly book?" chorused thirty voices. There ought to have been thirty-one, but Robert was absent that morning.

"Can we all help?" asked Helen.

"A really truly book. Why not? Of course you all can help. I could not make a book and leave out one of you."

Miss Lowell smiled her most teasing smile, but she looked as if she meant it about the book. And so the game started with a deafening hand clap.

"Is it going to be a sure-enough party *every day?*" Sarah's eyes were large with expected pleasure. "That seems too good to be true."

Miss Lowell smiled again in a way that satisfied Sarah.

MORE NICKNAMES

Now, Sharp-Ears was not Sarah's real surname. Of course you know that without being told. It

was just a nickname Bill gave her one day when she had teased him till he was cross. Her whole name was Sarah Angela Bright.

Nearly all these children had nicknames, and



This is a part of the health game.

some of them had two or three. It is not easy to find one that will stick more than a few days. Lazyladd was only one of Jimmy's names. Some of the children called him Butter-ball, and some of them shouted, "Hello, Tubby!" Oh, it was easy to find nicknames for Jimmy, because he laughed so hard at every new one.

Bluffer, which is not a nice word at all, stuck to Oscar and made him angry. Sharp-Ears stuck to Sarah, because she seemed to hear everything even when she was not listening. And besides, she rather liked it. She made pictures of herself with sharp-pointed ears, and rhymes about herself in which sharp-ears rhymed with shears.

Although Sarah teased everybody, she loved everybody, and she was the very first one chosen for all the games. Yes, and for the spelling matches and number matches. She knew all the games that any of the others knew, and that is not all. She "made up" games of her very own. And how she could spell! The multiplication tables? She could sing them, forward and backward!

Sarah never walked anywhere. She always ran, or skipped, or hopped, or skated, or danced her way along. The boys said it was no use to race with

her, for she always got there first. She moved so swiftly and so lightly she seemed almost to fly.

No one called Sarah pretty, but there was a joyous little gurgle in her voice, when she was excited, that was as good to hear as a laugh. Her eyes were sometimes dark blue, sometimes gray, and sometimes they looked black. Her bobbed hair always looked so neat and comfortable that all of the other girls wanted theirs "bobbed like Sarah's" at once.

Sarah never dressed up, but her one-piece frock was always clean. Whether she skated with the girls, raced with the boys, or jumped rope alone, she never "came to pieces." Her patent leather belt never sagged, and her stockings never wrinkled. She never seemed to think of her clothes or of herself at all, but her hands were always as clean as Jonathan's were not.

THE CHILDREN PLAN THE GAME

"You may call it a play, instead of a party, if you like," said Miss Lowell, still smiling, after she had looked all round to see what the other girls and the boys thought of it. "Or it may be a game. How would you like that? Or an adventure, an

exciting adventure. "Or," her eyes sparkled as if she had a brand new idea, "we might call it a quest."

"What is a quest?" asked Frank.

"A quest is a search for something," Miss Lowell answered. "Some of you know the legend of *Sir Galahad's Quest of the Holy Grail*. His quest was full of exciting adventures."

"What is a Holy Grail?" asked Dorothy.

"I've read the legend of Sir Galahad and his *Quest of the Holy Grail* many a time," said Tom, whose father said he read too much.

"Tom may read the legend for you some day," Miss Lowell promised, "and explain all the words you don't understand. Get ready to read it well by next Friday, Tom, and be able to explain every word."

"Will our quest be something like *Pilgrim's Progress*?" asked shy little Ethel.

"Perhaps we may make it a little like *Pilgrim's Progress*," Miss Lowell said.

"Or *Alice in Wonderland*?" begged Jerry. "She had such beautiful adventures!"

"Not exactly like Alice's adventures," said Miss Lowell, "but something just as good. Alice's Won-

derland was a dream, you know. Ours will be very, very real."

"Maybe something like Aladdin's?" Tom questioned hopefully.

"Or Sindbad's," said Bill. "I should like adventures like Sindbad's."

"I know what I should ask my slave of the lamp to bring first," said Tom.

"A football?" guessed Jerry.

"No, not first." Tom shook his head. "Radio outfit, man-size, and plenty of books to tell all about it."

"Like they have for the Navy at Annapolis," said Jonathan. "I'm with you, Tom."

"This much I will promise," said Miss Justright, solemnly. "When we can't find interesting adventures in our own quest, we will join Alice, or Pilgrim, or Aladdin, or Sindbad, or some other old friend in the Wonderland of Story Books, and go adventuring with them wherever we wish."

"You mean *real books* instead of school books? *In school?*" said Leonard, who had always gone to a one-room rural school. "Will they let you?" he asked anxiously. "I choose *Robinson Crusoe*."

"We will try it and see," said Miss Lowell.

“I know.” Ethel clapped her hands gleefully. “It is going to be lessons that will be as much fun as a game, or a play, or a party.”

“Couldn’t it be a *party* all the time?” Sarah coaxed.

“A party it shall be, Sarah.” Miss Lowell smiled away Sarah’s fears. “We will treat one another with company manners every day, and that will make every day a party.”

“I don’t see how it can be a party, and lessons, and a—a quest with adventures and everything, all in one,” said Frederic, who had not read many fairy tales, or played make-believe games.

“When I can’t have the things I want,” said Helen, “I just play like I have them. Mother says that is nearly as good. Maybe it’s better. I don’t have so many things to pick up.”

“I don’t see how you can call it a party at all,” said Fritzina. “You can’t have parties at school.”

“Don’t you see,” Sarah begged, “if we *call* it a party, that will take in everything? We can *play anything* at a party.”

“If we call it a game,” said Bill, “everything can be a part of the game.”

“I vote to call it a game,” said Jonathan, looking teasingly at Sarah.

"I vote to call it a game too, Mr. Wonder-Why." Sarah always surrendered when the boys least expected it. "Miss Justright, may we call our *Game* a quest? We might call it our quest of—of—happiness."

"Oughtn't we put *health* in it?" asked Tom, whose father was a physician.

"Health and Happiness, Health and Happiness," Sarah repeated. "That sounds all right."

"You can not play the happiness game unless you learn the health game," said Miss Justright. "The health game puts you on the road to the Land of Happiness."

And so they voted to call their wonder-why parties a game, and the name of the game was to be, "The Quest of Health and Happiness."

"I promise your game shall be as full of adventures as Galahad's own," said Miss Lowell.

"Or Crusoe's?" asked Leonard.

"Or Crusoe's," Miss Lowell assured him. "Some of the adventures will be at your homes, or on the street. Wherever you go, you will meet them if you keep your eyes open. Your holidays will be full of them, and you will tell of them when you return to school.

"Here, there will be games, stories, poems, and plays with our school room for the stage. And every day there will be lessons not at all like play. Just hard work."

"Ah, lessons," grumbled Jimmy Lazyladd.

"Just school!" growled Oscar, and winked at Jimmy, who grinned back at him.

"How shall we begin?" asked Frederic. "I don't see how you are going to start it."

"Every game has its own rules," said Miss Lowell, "which we must learn before we can play it successfully. Whether we work or play, there is a right way and a wrong way to do it. Because I have played the game a long time, I shall be your leader and teach you the rules.

"If you learn the right way in the very beginning, it will save your time, and it will save you many disappointments. Boys and girls who refuse to play according to the rules will soon find themselves outside the game. And it will serve them right."

Miss Lowell mentioned no names, but many of the children looked accusingly at Oscar, Jimmy, and Ina Easygo. The two boys stole guilty looks at each other, but Ina only tossed her head.

Ina wore her party dresses to school, and they

were not always neat. Her head-band was often badly soiled, and her hair did not look as hair ought to look. She boasted that she could have everything she wanted, but she did not keep her teeth clean.

Jimmy was always cheerful and nearly always sleepy. He sucked his thumbs when he thought no one was looking. He was greedy for sweets and had too much money to spend. He brought lolly-pops to school and called them all-day suckers. He and Oscar stopped at the drug store nearly every day to eat ice-cream soda, and Jimmy paid for it. His teeth were beginning to decay.

Oscar was tall, very thin, and not very clean. His chest was hollow, his shoulder blades were sharp, and he had an ugly walk. His eyes were red, as if he did not get enough sleep. He went to picture shows at night and was peevish when the other children were happy. He carried his pockets full of gum-drops and drank coffee every day. Some of the children had seen him smoking a cigarette.

Which of all these boys and girls would you choose for a chum? Which ones would your mothers select for your friends?

THE HEALTH GAME

Can you guess why Oscar, Jimmy and Ina were always the last ones chosen for the games, the spelling matches, and the number matches?



Do you wonder why Oscar, Jimmy and Ina were always the last ones chosen?



The best kind of race.

"Three 'rahs for the new game!" said Bill.

"Nine 'rahs for Miss Justright!" said Sarah.

Miss Justright laughed and covered her ears while the 'rahs were given and then sent the hungry, happy little planners home to lunch.

"Of course it really *is* a game," Sarah whispered

to Miss Justright as she went out, "but in my very own heart, and to my very own self, I shall always call it a *party*."

Have you read *Alice in Wonderland*, *Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp*, *Sindbad the Sailor*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Sir Galahad's Quest of the Holy Grail*?

These are old, old stories that have delighted many children in many parts of the world.

II

MOTHERS AND TEACHERS MUST HELP PLAY THE HEALTH GAME

Thirty-one children had faced Miss Justright on the first day of school. Like the Three Bears in the story, they were wee small children, middle size children, and large children.

There were thirty-six desks, *all the same size!* They fitted pretty well the middle size children. The little ones tried to make themselves large enough for their desks, and the big ones tried to make themselves small enough for theirs.

Oscar and Jimmy were two years older than most of the others. They were too large for their desks. Fritzina was over size for her age, and so were Henry and Frank. Do you think these children were comfortable?

Ruth's feet could rest on the floor, but her desk pushed up her shoulders when she wrote. Edna, Margery, and Ina had to stoop a little in writing.

Robert and Ezra were under size. Jerry and Ethel were the youngest of all. Do you think their desks fitted them?



Before the adjustable desks came.

Did you ever see a large boy doubled up in a desk too small for him? Did you ever see a small boy in a large desk push his feet down, down, trying to get them to the floor? Perhaps his neck rested

on the back of his seat. Did these things make you sorry? They made Miss Justright very unhappy.

"This will never do," she said to herself. "How



After the adjustable desks came.

can I hope for high chests and straight backs, if those tall boys must sit, day after day, cramped at those little desks?

"Spinal columns will be sure to curve the wrong

way. Lungs will be so crowded they can not take in enough fresh air, and the blood can not be kept pure. Livers and stomachs will be crowded out of place so they can not digest the food.

"How can I hope for straight leg bones for the four children whose feet dangle two inches above the floor? How can the fat boy, crowded into that little seat, work at all?"

Miss Justright talked to the principal and superintendent about the seats. Then she asked the janitor to help her. The janitor was kind and willing. He made little stools for the four little children. They could then rest their feet on the stools, but their shoulders pushed up too high when they wrote.

A half dozen old desks of odd sizes were brought in from the store room, but they did not fit the children's bodies. Neither bones nor muscles would have a chance to grow naturally.

Miss Justright asked the school board for a dozen adjustable desks, and she soon had them in place. These could be lowered or raised to fit the bodies of different sizes. Then she looked around to see what next was needed.

One row of desks faced a window. Facing a strong light is bad for children's eyes. Miss Just-

right had that row taken out and hung a shade at the window.

The long narrow windows were too low, and the sunlight shone on the desks. This was not good for the eyes of the children; but she could not change the windows. What could she do?

She asked the school board for chairs enough to seat the school, and after a few days they came. Then the children could move to the chairs when the light on the desks hurt their eyes.

Do your school-room windows let the sun shine on your desks? What do you do about it? Do you have adjustable desks for the misfit children?

WHY SHOULD CHILDREN BE MEASURED AND WEIGHED?

More than half the children in this school were sturdy and strong. They were ready for work and play. Their high chests, straight backs, and sparkling eyes made Miss Justright love to look at them.

It made her heart ache to look at the others. They were thin and tired-looking, with hollows under their eyes. Some of the boys had round backs, like old men. These children could not hope

to keep up with the well children, even if they worked very hard. Are there any children like these in your school?

Some schools have a doctor and a nurse to take care of the children's health. This school had none. Miss Justright was neither nurse nor doctor. She was a teacher and she did the best she could.

She knew a great deal about children. Was a child not well enough to do his work? One look would tell Miss Justright. How do you think she knew? She had lived with children, worked with them, and played with them.

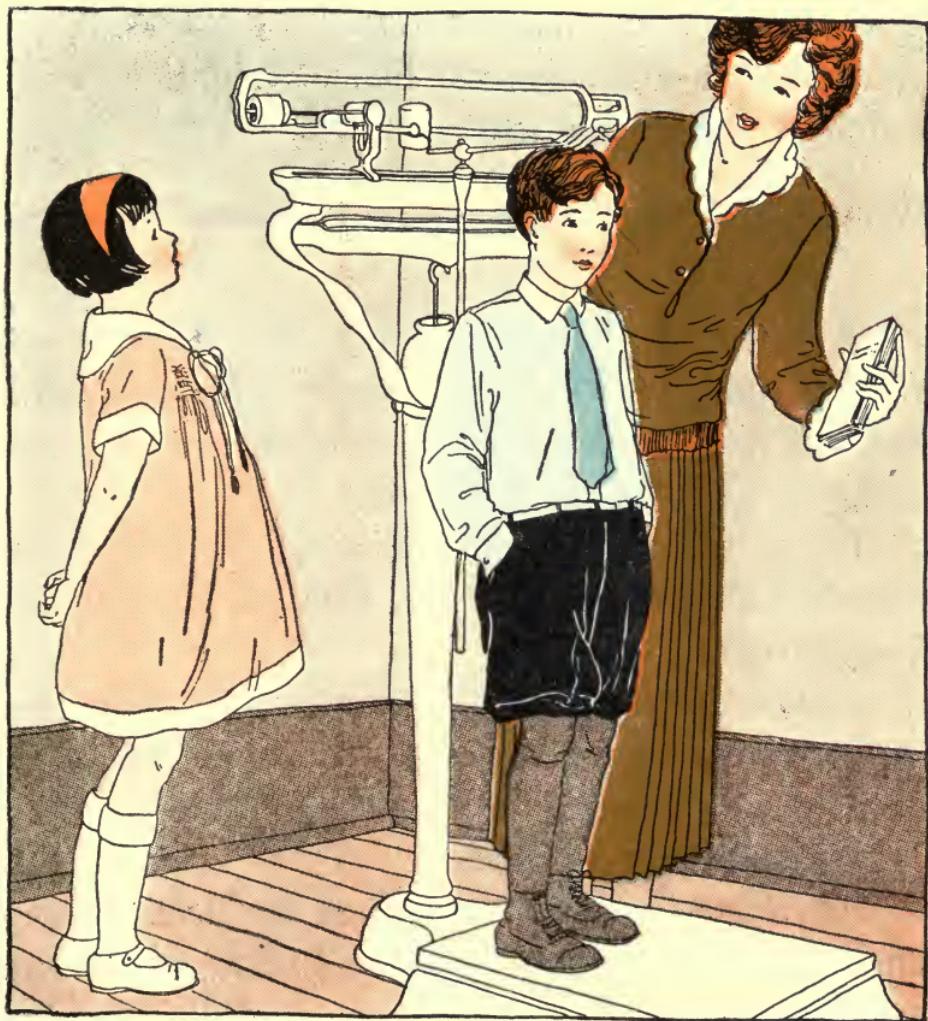
Do you know how tall you are? Do you know how much you weigh? Do you know how many pounds a boy or girl of your height ought to weigh? Does your mother know?

Miss Justright knew these things, and she thought mothers and fathers ought to know them. On the second day of school, she measured and weighed every child. All the thin, tired-looking children weighed too little. Jimmy weighed too much.

The next day, Miss Justright placed the names of all the children on a large chart. There were spaces for the name, the age, the height, and

weight of each child, with spaces left for a few other things.

The chart interested the children, and they asked many questions about it. Miss Justright asked them to tell their mothers how it looked.



Sarah thinks Tom should hold his chest high.

Does your school have one of these charts? The United States Bureau of Education will send one to your teacher if she will write and ask for it. Does your school have scales for weighing the children? Are the children in your school measured and weighed every month? Do you know whether you are of normal weight, under weight, or over weight? Does your mother know?

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE UNDER-WEIGHTS' FOOD HABITS?

On Thursday, Miss Playfair, the director of games, came for her first visit. Miss Justright sent out with her the healthy children and kept the under-weights for a little chat.

"Let us talk a few minutes about the things we like to eat," she said. "Ezra, what do you eat for breakfast?"

"Flakes and coffee," said Ezra. "Sometimes we sleep so late I don't have time to eat anything. I have to run to school to keep from being tardy."

"What do you eat, Isaac?"

"Anything I want. We live at the delicatessen, and I go and get what I want. Mother says I eat and run."

“What is your breakfast, Jimmy?”

“Meat and gravy,” said Jimmy. “And coffee.”

“And yours, Bruce?”

“Not much of anything. Sometimes a little oatmeal or a soft-boiled egg. I don’t get hungry till nearly recess.”

“What do you eat for breakfast, Edna?”

“Jam and coffee. Maybe a piece of cake or a little cream toast.”

“How many of you drink coffee or tea for breakfast?”

Every one of the sick-looking children, except Leonard and Bruce, drank coffee for breakfast.

“Now let us talk about dinners. How many have dinner at noon and supper in the evening?”

“My father can not come home at noon,” said Lifscha, the little immigrant girl, “so we must have our dinner at night.”

About half the children had a noon lunch with dinner in the evening.

“What do you eat for dinner, Oscar?”

“I don’t eat any. I eat when I get ready.”

“What is your dinner, Jimmy?”

“Meat—and pie. Mother says everything I eat turns to fat.”

“What do you like for dinner, Ina?”

“Oh, not much of anything. I go to the soda fount and get a sundae, then I get another one before I go to bed. I don’t feel hungry for dinner.”

“I eat a few pickles and a little candy on the way home from school,” said Robert. “I don’t care much for dinner.”

“I don’t like to eat at the table,” said Oscar.

“Neither do I,” said Robert.

“How many of you eat candy or ice-cream soda between meals?”

Nearly all of them said they did.

“How many of you eat pickles between meals?”

Margery, Edna, Ruth, and Isaac were as fond of pickles as Robert was.

“How many of you drink a quart of milk a day?”

Only a few of the children drank milk at all. None of them drank a quart a day. Some of them did not like it.

“How many of you went to the dentist to have your teeth examined before school opened?”

Not one. Miss Justright could see that some of the teeth were very bad.

“How many of you go to picture shows at night?” was Miss Justright’s next question.

Nearly all the children did. Do you think they were ready for school after they lost their sleep?

When school closed that day, each under-weight child carried home a note for the mother. This is what the note said:



The under-weight who eats when he "gets ready."

Dear Madam:

Your son (or daughter) is under weight. He (or she) does not seem well enough to do satis-

factory work in school. Will you please meet me in the school room at half past three on Friday. I should like to talk with you about the best way to improve your child's health. I should be sorry for him (or her) to fail in the term's work.

Yours sincerely and cordially,

Justine Lowell.

Jimmy's note said *over weight* where the others said *under weight*. You know how the Health and Happiness game started on Friday before noon.

All the mothers but three came on Friday afternoon. Dorothy's mother worked in a laundry and could not leave her work. Ina's mother was making a trip around the world and Ina's aunt came in her place. Ezra's mother went to a card party and sent regrets to school. She sent no one to take her place.

Miss Justright told the mothers about her talk with the children. She also told them about the Health and Happiness game. They all knew about the game, for the children had talked about nothing else at lunch time.

MOTHERS AND TEACHERS MUST HELP 31

“This is a game our children can not play without our help,” Miss Justright said.

“But how can we help?” one mother asked.

HOW CAN MOTHERS HELP PLAY THE GAME?

“Your children are under weight,” said Miss Justright. “An under-weight child is not a well child. Nor is an over-weight child well. Our under-weights must be brought up to normal weight, and our over-weights must be brought down to normal weight.”

“How can we bring up their weight when they won’t eat?” asked Ruth’s mother.

“Your children eat unwholesome food between meals and buy unwholesome drinks on the way to school, or on the way home. These things spoil their appetites and keep them from gaining as they should.”

“Oscar thinks he must have his pink pop every day,” said Oscar’s mother.

“So does Jimmy,” said Jimmy’s mother.

“Your children do not drink milk. No other food can take its place. *They ought to drink a quart of milk a day,*” said Miss Justright.

"Edna will not drink milk," said Edna's mother.

"Neither will Margery," said Margery's mother.

"Ruth won't eat dinner with us," said Ruth's mother. "Then when dinner is over, she asks for a piece of pie, or something sweet."

"Bruce has had pneumonia, and has not yet got back his appetite," said Bruce's mother.

"Some of these children have diseased tonsils and adenoid growths. They can not work well or grow properly till these things are corrected," Miss Just-right went on.

"Do you think that is what is the matter with Robert?" asked Robert's mother. "I do hope you will make him sit straight. His father scolds him every day for his round back."

"That is one of the things the matter with Robert," Miss Just-right said. "There are other things which must also be corrected. He has decayed teeth. Many of the children swallow poison from their decayed teeth."

"Ina just will not attend to her teeth," said Ina's aunt.

"Jimmy will not go to a dentist," said Jimmy's mother. "Somebody told him the dentist would pull out all his teeth."

“Lifscha worries all the time,” said Lifscha’s mother. “She is afraid she will not pass.”

“You must not let your children worry about their school work,” Miss Justright said earnestly. “If you will help me give them good health habits, I will promise there need be no worry about promotions.”

“How shall we begin?” Margery’s mother asked.

“First of all, *they must give up tea and coffee.* Coffee is a stimulant and so is tea. Stimulants keep children from growing as they should.

“*They must give up sweets between meals.* These things cause indigestion. Indigestion makes children peevish, keeps them awake at night, and prevents growth.

“Regular eating must begin at once. If a child does not eat the right kind of food at the table, he will eat the wrong kind between meals.”

“But it is such a long time between meals,” said Leonard’s mother.

“Yes. Children’s growing bodies are better fed by five light meals a day than by three heavy ones. A mid-morning lunch and a lunch in mid-afternoon, eaten at the same hour every day, will break up the all-day piecing habit.

"The under-weight child needs more food than the child of normal weight. He must also have short periods of rest which the healthy child does not need. The fat child needs less food than the normal-weight, and he must cut down the foods that make fat.

"It is cruel to scold an under-weight child for his round back. He has not enough strength to hold his chest high and keep his back straight. It is foolish to scold a fat child for being lazy. He has about all he can do to carry his extra weight.

"Bad teeth, eye trouble, ear trouble, adenoid growth, and diseased tonsils should be attended to *before school opens*. Only well children should be expected to do school work well."

"You are giving us something to think about, Miss Lowell," Bruce's mother said.

"Many of the children do not get enough sleep," said Miss Justright. "Some of them go to picture shows at night. They lose sleep, and this makes them tired and cross in the morning. They eat little or no breakfast, and of course are unfit for a day in school. Children should have ten hours of good sleep every night."

"Margery does not go out at night, but she does

MOTHERS AND TEACHERS MUST HELP 35

take her fairy books to bed and reads till quite late," said Margery's mother.

"And wears glasses," said Miss Justright. "Correct the food habits, and that will help correct some other wrong things. Remember that no other food can take the place of milk. You have heard some of the rules of the Health and Happiness game. Will you help your children build these rules into habits? Are you willing to play the game with them and me?"

"Let us have a Parent-Teacher Club and help Miss Justright and the children all we can," said Margery's mother.

The mothers began to help at once, and the milk lunches started. All the children had half-pint bottles of milk together every morning and every afternoon. The under-weights had a Graham cracker with their milk. Can you guess why?

Eating candy at recesses stopped.

Can you guess why the under-weights sometimes rested while the healthy children worked? Can you guess why Jimmy was sent to the gymnasium while the other children had their milk lunch?

Will you children who read this book talk these things over with your mothers and teachers?



Do you wonder why Margery has trouble with her eyes?

DON'TS FOR ALL OF YOU

Do you drink coffee or tea?

Do you eat candy or other sweets between meals?

Do you buy colored drinks on the way to or from school as Oscar and Jimmy did?

MOTHERS AND TEACHERS MUST HELP 37

Do you beg for ice-cream soda between meals—as Ina and some others did?

Do you stay away from home at meal time—as Oscar did?

Do you refuse to drink milk—as Edna, Margery, and some others did?



Where every child should be before nine o'clock.

Do you fail to keep your teeth clean—as Ina and some others did?

Do you refuse to go to the dentist—as Jimmy did?

Do you eat and run—as Isaac did?

Do you refuse to eat at meal time, then ask for pie—as Ruth did?

Do you stay up too late at night?

Do you read after you go to bed—as Margery did?

Don't do any of these things.

QUESTIONS TO THINK ABOUT

Does your desk fit your body or do you try to make it fit a misfit desk?

Would your mother let you wear a hat, a coat, or shoes that pinched?

Do your parents know whether your desk fits your body?

Do your school-room windows let the light shine on your desk and make your eyes feel uncomfortable?

Does your mother talk things over with your teacher and help play the Health game?

Does your school have a friendly Parent-Teacher Club?

III

RULES OF THE GAME: CLEANLINESS IS THE FIRST RULE

WHY HAVE HANDS CLEAN?

“I wonder why everybody makes a fuss about a boy’s hands,” said Jonathan, as he looked closely, first at one hand, then the other. “A little dirt doesn’t hurt, does it, Miss Justright?”

“Simon says, ‘Wigwag!’ ”

Miss Justright called the command sharply, like an army officer. Thirty thumbs wigwagged as fast as thirty thumbs could go, and thirty pairs of eyes sparkled. Miss Justright never said, “Attention, children!” But every child was eager to hear what she would say next.

“Wigwag!”

Not a thumb moved, and every ear was open for the next command from “Simon.”

"Ina is absent to-day." Sarah was the first to notice it. "She is missing all the fun."

"Simon says, 'Hands up!'"

Up went thirty pairs of hands.

"Simon says, 'Hold hands up till I see if they are ready for inspection.'"

Thirty pairs of eyes searched thirty pairs of hands, and less than thirty owners looked satisfied. Miss Justright passed rapidly up and down the aisles, glancing right and left.

A soft touch here and there sent down one pair of hands after another, and their owners quietly disappeared. When they returned from the lavatory their hands were ready for a second inspection.

"Five minutes lost from an important adventure!" said Miss Justright. "Benjamin Franklin said, 'Time lost can never be found.'"

"I was wondering," Jonathan repeated, "why everybody makes a fuss about a boy's hands." Jonathan liked to have his questions answered and his wonders satisfied. "Mother sometimes sends me away from table to wash mine. A little dirt doesn't hurt, does it?"

"And ears?" Bill asked. "My father talks as much about ears as mother talks about hands."

Nearly a dozen boys nodded, showing there were other fathers and mothers on the lookout.

"Jonathan, how would you like to see your mother at table with soiled hands?" Miss Justright asked.

"Oh, that's different. My mother cooks the dinner."

"But why should she keep her hands clean while cooking and serving your food, if you handle it with dirty hands before eating it?"

Jonathan looked thoughtful.

"When your mother invited me to dinner with you last week," Miss Justright went on, "we sat down before a table with snowy linen, polished silver, shining china, and sparkling water glasses. The table was appetizing and made my mouth water for the good things I knew must be coming. And the food was just as attractive as the table."

"Daddy says no other table ever looks as beautiful as mother's," said Jonathan. "Did you notice the crystal bowl of pansies in the center of the table?"

"How could I have failed to speak of the pansies?" said Miss Justright with real regret. "Pansies mean 'thoughts,' and it seemed to me your mother had thought of everything."

"I bought the crystal bowl for mother's birthday," said Jonathan shyly. "I thought of it all by myself. Mother says that is why she always fills it with pansies."

"After dinner, your mother took me into the kitchen to see her new white kitchen cabinet. Everything was as neat and orderly as a kitchen can be kept."

"Mother always keeps it that way," said Jonathan. "I helped get that dinner." Jonathan still spoke shyly. "Mother thinks boys and girls ought to learn how to cook and keep house. Even my little sister did a few little things, and she is only four. Didn't you notice that I helped mother serve?"

"I was coming to that, Jonathan. You did it beautifully, and I am glad your mother teaches you and your little sister to help. Can't you see then why you must be very, very careful of your hands?"

"He is a boy, Miss Justright," Jerry explained. "Boys don't understand about clean kitchens and such things as well as girls, do they? Mother says everything about our food must be immaculate. She says nothing must be handled carelessly."

“What is *immac*—? You say such big words, Jerry,” Dorothy complained.

“*Immaculate* means spotlessly clean,” said Jerry, who was very proud of her new word.

“Like your mother wishes all the clothes at the laundry to be washed, Dorothy,” said Miss Just-right.

“My father says the air is full of particles of dust so small you often can not see them,” Helen took up the conversation. “He says these little dust particles carry dangerous little workers called germs.”

“My father calls them *microbes*, or *bacteria*,” said Frederic, whose father was a famous surgeon. “If these bacteria get into a cut or scratch on our skin, they may make a sore.”

“Mother says if they get into our food they spoil it, and if they get into our mouths, they make us sick,” said Mary, whose mother was a cook in a cafeteria.

“If your hands are covered with a layer of dust, Jonathan, you may be sure it hides a layer of germs,” said Miss Just-right. “A part of the dust rubs off on everything you touch. What happens then?”



Learning to help mother.

"I suppose the bacteria go with the dirt."

"My father teaches about bacteria at the University," Helen pronounced her words carefully. "He says the little dust particles are aeroplanes for the bacteria.

"Daddy says *bacterium* when he means only one. Mother always says germs. Daddy says they are all the time trying to get into our bodies, but our tight skin coat keeps them out."

"Yes," said Frederic, "but if we tear off a piece of skin, or cut a hole in it, the bacteria can get in and make a bad sore. My father calls that *infection*. You know just as soon as a microbe gets in and feels at home, it begins to make more microbes. I call infection a germ nest."

"That is a pretty good name for it, Frederic," smiled Miss Justright.

"Mother keeps a bottle of *antiseptic* on our bathroom shelf to sterilize our burns and cuts and scratches," said Esther, the nurse's daughter.

"What is antiseptic, Esther?" asked Lifscha.

"Antiseptic? It—it is—something that kills poison germs, or fixes them so they can't make more germs, isn't it, Miss Justright?"

"Mother uses *listerine*," said Jerry.

"My mother thinks there is nothing as good as *per-oxide of hydrogen*," said Paul.

"We keep *medicated alcohol* and *iodine* in our chest," said Sarah.

"All these are good," said Miss Justright, "and there are others. But first of all, you must be sure your wound is clean."

"Daddy says soap and water make the best sterilizer," said Jean, the dentist's little daughter. "He calls soap and water, First-Aid-to-the-Unwashed."

"Daddy calls my lips Bacteria Toll Gate," said Helen, "and he says my mouth, and nose, and throat are Bacteria Highway."

"That is a clever way to say it," Miss Justright smiled. "These microbes, bacteria, or germs, settle on our hands, our faces, and our clothing, but we must keep these little enemies out of our mouths."

"They camp just about everywhere, don't they?" said Alice.

"Now, Mr. Wonder-Why," said Sarah, can you see why your mother says, 'Clean hands, Joseph?'"

"Bacteria will get you, if you don't watch out, Jonathan," said Helen.

"My mother talks all the time about germs,"

Oscar grumbled, "but dad says people lived just as long before they commenced to blame germs and microbes for everything."

"Didn't your father have to go to the hospital last week, Oscar, for an operation on his infected throat?" Miss Justright asked. "Those little enemy workers slipped through Bacteria Toll Gate and worked too long on Bacteria Highway. Tell your father that is one time, at least, that the germs were guilty."

"Jimmy lets a lot of bacteria go through his toll gate," said Sarah. "He yawns so much and never covers his mouth. But I suppose it is impolite to speak of it."

"Yawning in company certainly is impolite," said Miss Justright. "And so are personal remarks like yours, Sarah."

"I beg everybody's pardon," said Sarah quickly.

"When my father sees black bands under my nails, he asks, 'Who is dead, son? I see your nails are in mourning,'" said Frederic. "Surgeons *must* keep their nails clean, or they might poison their patients when they operate."

"I wonder why Isaac licks his fingers when he turns pages in his books," said Helen.

"I saw a boy in this very school pick up a pencil from the floor and put it into his mouth," said Esther. "And his hands were not very clean either." She looked at Robert.

"I wonder why Jimmy sucks his thumbs," said Jerry.

"I have heard some personal remarks," said Miss Justright. And the guilty girls said, "I'm sorry. I beg pardon."

"Jimmy is trying to break his ugly habit of thumb-sucking, aren't you, Jimmy?" Miss Justright said. "And I am sure Isaac will soon see that licking his fingers to turn pages as he reads is bad both for him and for his books. They do not do these ugly things as much as they did last week."

"The germs from our dusty, sweaty hands rub off on our pencils, don't they, Miss Justright?" said Mary. "Of course when we put pencils into our mouths we are sending bacteria through the toll gate."

"And how can we know what they will do when they get to Bacteria Highway?" said Ethel.

"I wonder why the skin on my hands splits open." Isaac wanted to change the subject.

"Keeping the hands perfectly clean is the best

way to prevent chafing," said Miss Justright. She looked at Isaac's hands which were soiled and sore.

"Sometimes washing the hands with a strong soap takes too much oil from the skin and leaves it too dry. When that happens, a little olive oil, or glycerine and rose-water, will make the skin feel better."

"Maybe you don't wipe your hands dry, Isaac," said Ethel.

"If the hands are not wiped dry," said Miss Justright, "the water on the skin keeps the skin oil from softening the skin as it should. Water and oil will not mix, you know. Be sure to wash your hands clean, then wipe them dry."

"If there is not enough oil in the skin to keep it soft, the glycerine, or olive oil, or a cold cream will help. But careful washing and wiping of the hands will do more than anything else to keep them comfortable.

"Sometimes the wind blows away the moisture from the skin and makes it break. The skin on our lips, too, sometimes chafes or breaks, because it is very thin. When this happens, a cold cream will be good for the lips."

"Miss Justright, don't you think dirty hands are

disgusting?" Edna asked. "I am going to be a manicure and make people keep their hands clean."

"Look here, Edna," said Alice, "my daddy is the best man in the world and he can't keep his hands clean at the forge, or the anvil, can he? Sometimes I hold things for him and get my hands all black, but I don't care a bit."

"My father works anywhere he can find work," said William, "and I have to help him. *We* can't always keep our hands clean, can we?"

"Did I say we must never soil our hands?" laughed Miss Justright. "What does your father do, Alice, first thing, when his day's work is done?"

"He washes up and changes his clothes. Then he takes us out in the car or to the movies."

"We clean up too," said William, "and we all go to the movies on Saturday night."

"And I," said Miss Justright, "soil my hands a dozen times a day. But as soon as the soiling work is done, I wash them."

"There is a lot of dirty work to do on the farm," said Leonard, "and we have to go from one job to another. We all have to do our share."

"We all have some work to do that soils our hands," said Miss Justright, "and it is very

important that we learn to do it promptly and cheerfully. The welfare of the whole world depends on work that soils somebody's hands.

"Longfellow wrote one of his most beautiful poems about a blacksmith, Alice. You may read it for us in our opening exercises to-morrow. Get ready to read it well. Make us all enjoy it.

"You people on the farm, Leonard, help to feed the world. What could be finer than that? Isn't it worth soiling your hands for? The wheat you raise, the corn, the potatoes, the—"

"Alfalfa," Leonard finished for her. He loved to say *alfalfa*, because only a few of the boys knew what the word means. They always listened enviously when Leonard described his days and evenings on the farm.

"What does your father do, Leonard, when his day's work is done?"

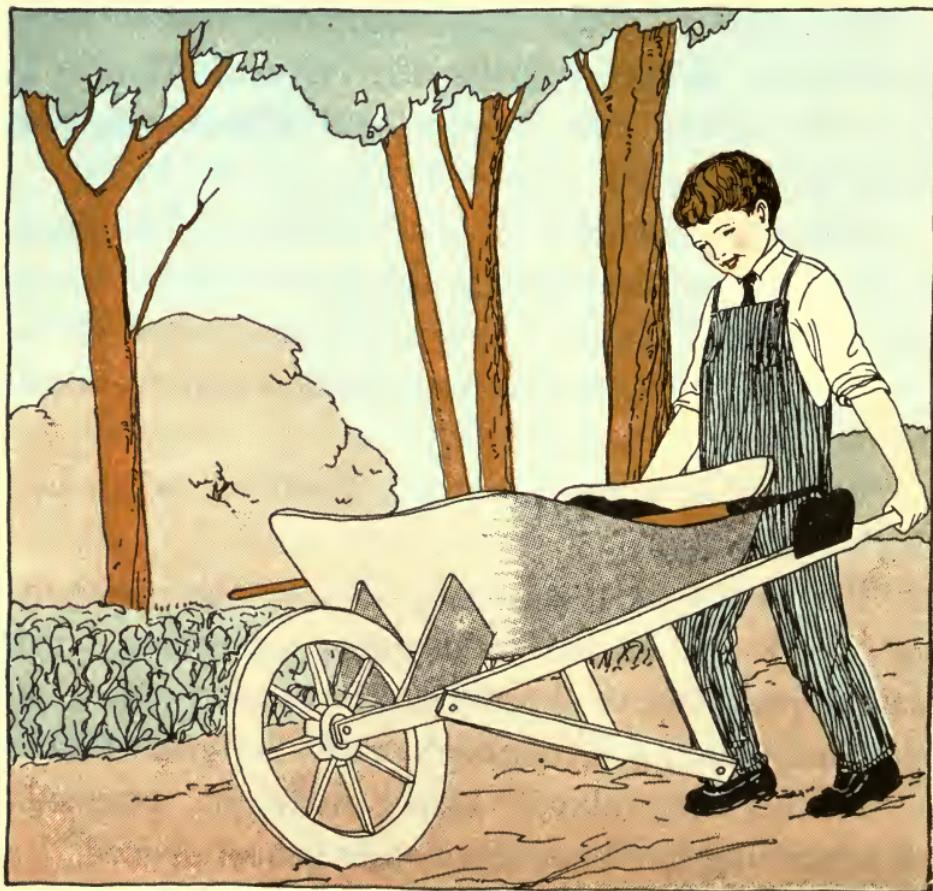
"Cleans up and gets ready to read the paper or go to a Farm Bureau meeting or something. He will be president of the Bureau next year. My dad is a busy man, and mother's work is never done."

"Neither is mine," Miss Justright laughed. remembering her busy days since school opened.

"But we all take a little time to play the victrola

and listen-in on the radio. Mother has the records for a whole opera, and my brother Dan made a radio set. We can tune-in and listen to the music and speeches at the University. Then we have the puzzles and cartoons.

"Sis belongs to a canning club. Of course *she* has to keep her hands clean. My brother Jim has



William helps his father in every way he can.

been corn king two years. I am going to join a pig club. I'd rather raise pigs than chickens or turkeys. They know enough to come when you call them, and turkeys don't know enough to come in when it rains. I have one pig now."

To Leonard, the pig club was to be the family's crowning glory.

"We could not live without our farmers, our blacksmiths, our laborers, our nurses and cooks and laundresses, and our—"

"Don't we need meat markets?" asked Fritzina, who felt that she was being overlooked.

"Butchers and bakers and candle-stick makers," Sarah chanted.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Justright. "We must have meat markets, and groceries, and bakeries, and—"

"And food shops," said Isaac.

"And they must be kept spotlessly clean," Miss Justright smiled at Isaac. "We all must find our places in the world where there is some work that needs to be done, even if it soils our hands and our clothes.

"And we all must keep as clean as our work will permit. We must find time to play too. All work

and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and he will not be as healthy as he ought to be."

"Edna says she is going to be a manicure. What is a manicure?" Henry asked.

"Edna, tell Henry what you mean when you say you are going to be a manicure."

"Why—why—everybody knows what a manicure is." Edna did not seem quite ready to give Henry the help he had asked for.

"Make it clear to Henry." Miss Justright waited for her to go on.

"A manicure is a—it is—it's a lady. She sits on one side of a little table, and you sit on the other side. She files your nails and cleans them with a brush and an orange stick with a little cotton on the end. She pushes back the cuticle till you can see the little moon at the back of your nail. Then she clips it with wee bits of scissors, and she makes you ashamed if you don't keep your hands clean." Edna finished out of breath.

"You may show Henry how to use the brush and orange stick. Play this bowl is filled with warm soap suds. Use this bit of pointed wood for the orange stick. Play that you have whatever you need."

Edna did the best she could.

“Suppose we say a manicure is a person whose business it is to take care of hands, especially the nails. A manicure may be either a man or woman, but generally is a woman.” Miss Justright helped out Edna’s explanation.

“Couldn’t you write down for us the things we need to remember to do to keep our hands clean and right?” Henry asked. “I have a little brother, and he thinks there is nobody like me. I could help him a lot if I could remember all the things you tell us.”

“Yes, Henry, I think I can make some cards for you that will help you to remember the things you wish your little brother to make his habits. But bless my heart, here it is time for outdoor games!”

“Recess already?” said Ethel. “I feel as if I had just come.”

CLEANLINESS CODE, NUMBER I

I will wash my hands with warm water and a good soap, not too strong. Then I will rinse them with cold water and wipe them dry.

I will clean my nails with a brush or orange stick. I will keep the flesh pushed back from my



All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

nails till I can see the crescent at the base. I will use a towel or the soft tip of my finger to do this. Never anything sharp.

I will never bite my nails. When they grow too long, I will file them or cut them very carefully.

I will not put into my mouth things that have been handled with unwashed hands. I will not suck my fingers or wipe my nose on my hand. I will not wet my finger in my mouth to turn the pages of books I read.

I will use only my own towel at home, and I will never use a public towel.

Will the children who read this book make habits of these rules? Do it.

A DO-IT FOR EVERYBODY

Do you keep hands and nails ready for inspection?

Do you always clean up as soon as soiling work is done?

Do you take pride in keeping your hands and nails clean?

Do you keep an antiseptic where it can be easily reached?

Do you keep Bacteria Toll Gate closed or protected?

Do you keep Bacteria Highway clear of mischief-makers?

Do all these things.

DON'TS FOR EVERYBODY

Do you go to table with soiled hands?

Do you help mother without washing your hands?

Do you neglect to clean your nails when you wash your hands?

Do you put your fingers into your mouth?

Do you put into your mouth things handled with unwashed hands?

Do you wipe your nose on your hands?

Do you wet your fingers with your tongue when turning pages?

Do you neglect work that needs doing because it soils your hands?

Do you use a public towel?

Don't do any of these things.

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS?

Why must Frederic's father keep his hands clean?

Why do you think Isaac has chafed hands?

Do you have one of these antiseptics on your medicine shelf: listerine; medicated alcohol; peroxide of hydrogen; iodine?

Do you say germs, microbes, or bacteria?
Do you have a University near your school?
Did you ever see alfalfa grow?

*Can you pronounce these words? Their meaning
is made clear in the story.*

| | |
|---------------|---------------|
| in fec tion | per-ox-ide of |
| in spec tion | hy-dro-gen |
| an ti sep tic | i o dine |
| ster i lize | bac ter i a |
| lis ter ine | lav a to ry |
| al co hol | man i cure |

Get well acquainted with these words. You will see them often. Use them as often as you can. If you have forgotten their meanings, look back to the story. The teacher will help you.

WHY MUST THE BODY BE BATHED OFTEN?

“I wonder why I get so wet when I run,” said Bruce at the end of a game period. “When I get wet the dust and water make my face look all muddy.”

“We have learned we must keep our hands clean, and why,” said Miss Justright. “But that is not enough. Helen called our skin a coat. Tom promised me he would ask his father to tell him as much

as he thought we ought to know about this skin coat. Are you ready to report, Tom?"

"My daddy says it's a coat, all right, and a mighty tight-fitting coat at that," said Tom. "It is tough, like leather, and it covers the whole body, to the very tips of our fingers and toes."

"Did your father tell you anything about the layers that make up this leather-like coat?" Miss Justright asked.

"Yes," said Tom, "I ought to have told that first. There is an outside layer that has no feeling. Daddy called that the *epidermis*. Sometimes it is called *cuticle*. Don't you know, Edna spoke of the cuticle when she told about the manicure?"

"Under the epidermis is a live layer called the *dermis*. If you want to know how alive it is, just prick your finger with a pin, or cut yourself with a knife. Of course you will have to go through the dead outer layer."

"Or tear off a piece of skin," said Frederic.

"At the ends of the fingers and toes," Tom continued, "the skin grows very hard and tough. Because it is so tough and hard, this skin is called *nails*. Finger nails and toe nails. And you can see how these protect the fingers and toes."

"Is that true, Miss Justright?" Fritzina interrupted. "Our nails can't be skin. Why we can scratch with our nails."



Was it your hair that hurt? No, it was your scalp.

Tom frowned. Fritzina had once proved to him that nails could be used for scratching.

"That is only half the surprise." Tom did not answer Fritzina, but spoke to the others. "Our hair, too, is a part of our skin. Our hair protects

our heads. The hair and the nails are like the dead, outer, skin layer. They have no feeling."

"Is it true about the nails and hair?" Fritzina asked again.

"Tom's story is all true, so far," said Miss Just-right. "Our nails and hair protect us from many things that might hurt us."

"But it hurts to pull your hair or crush your nail," said Ethel.

"Did anything hurt you then?" asked Jonathan. He had taken one of Ethel's pig-tail plaits in his two hands and given it a little jerk. Of course Ethel had not felt it. Tom had asked him to do this if any one doubted the statement about the lack of feeling in the hair.

"How's this?" Jonathan gave a sudden jerk to three stray hairs, and Ethel cried, "Ouch!"

"Was it your hair that hurt?" Tom asked. "No, it was your scalp."

"May Tom tell us what is a scalp, Miss Just-right?" asked Lifscha.

"Your scalp is the skin at the roots of your hair," Tom explained. "I think that is all, Miss Just-right. No, there is something else that daddy would not like for me to leave out. He said over and over

that the nails, the hair, and the scalp must be kept *clean*."

"Miss Justright, you can not keep perfectly clean if you have no bathtub, can you?" said Dorothy, whose home had no bathroom.

"Oh, yes indeed," said Miss Justright. "A bathtub is a great *convenience*, but we can keep clean without it. Some of the cleanest children I ever knew lived in a house that had no bathtub. They had a large laundry tub, good soap, clean water, and strong, rough towels.

"They not only kept their bodies sweet and clean, but they helped their mother wash their own clothes. They made a game of it and raced to see which would get his share of the work done first. Then they raced to see which would have the first bath. They called it a game and had great fun. If you hate to be dirty and love to be clean, you can always find a way."

"Miss Justright, do you remember that little Oliver who came to our school one day? Phew!" Edna held her nose at the memory. "None of us could sit by him."

"Oliver had no mother to help him keep his skin clean," said Miss Justright.



If you love to be clean you can always find a way.

“Oh!” said Tom. “I forgot to tell about the pores.”

“It is not too late, Tom. Go on.”

“Our skin is full of wee tiny holes, so small we can’t see them with the naked eye. The epidermis, the dead layer of our skin coat, you know, is always wearing off in little scales.

“These scales are so small you can’t see one of them alone, but a lot of them together look a little like a white powder. If you don’t wash off these scales, some of them rub off on your clothes.

“You know how you sweat—perpsire”—he corrected himself—“when you work hard, or get hot. Well, the perspiration is a kind of greasy water that comes through the pores. It mixes up with the skin scales and makes a kind of paste. You know how it feels till you get a bath.”

“What is perspiration?” asked Lifscha.

“That is such a long story. You tell her, Miss Justright,” said Tom.

“Although our bodies feel so solid, they are more than half water. Two-thirds, perhaps,” said Miss Justright.

“Phew!” Leonard whistled softly.

“Tom told you that the skin is pierced with

countless little holes, called pores. The pores let out a part of the water from the body after it has done its work. This water which comes through the pores is sweat, or perspiration. A little oil comes through the skin too. This makes the perspiration greasy, as Tom told you."

"The pores open when we get hot and let the water through," Bruce said. "That's why I get so wet when I run."

"Why don't we sweat unless we get hot?" asked Paul.

"We do *perspire* all the time," said Miss Just-right. "Day and night, when we are well, the perspiration is seeping through our pores. If we get too hot, it comes through faster and forms little drops on our skin. Then we feel cooler. We say the heat opens our pores and cools us off. Do you see, Paul?"

"Do we perspire *all* the time?" asked Ned. "Cold weather too? I'm all dry now."

"Put your hands together and hold them so a little while."

"They feel damp already," said Ned before a minute.

"When we are cold, or even cool, the pores shut,

up so that only a little perspiration comes through them. Closing the pores helps keep our body heat inside. We say the skin *regulates the temperature*. That is, it keeps it from getting too hot or too cold. If the pores should be closed entirely, so that no perspiration at all could get through, we should have a fever."

"Fevers are very dangerous," said Tom.

"Did Oliver have a fever?" Ruth asked. "He had such a thick layer of dust on him I don't see how the water could get through."

"A part of the pasty waste matter on Oliver's skin rubbed off on his clothes," said Miss Justright. "A little perspiration could get through. It soured on his clothes and poisoned the air. This made some of you sick.

"We found a new mother for Oliver, and she now helps him to keep clean 'from the skin out,' as we sometimes say. He goes to another school, and I am told all the children like to play with him. Do any of you sleep in your day clothes?" Miss Justright asked.

"Boys don't have night clothes," said Oscar.

"Of course they do," said Frank. "Don't boys need to be just as clean as girls? Didn't Tom tell

you the greasy perspiration oozes through your pores all the time? And scales of dead skin are always rubbing off? Why shouldn't you have a bath and fresh clothes at night?"

"Yes, Oscar," said Miss Justright gently, "the dead skin that is all the time scaling from your body, must be washed off. The oily perspiration that is always coming through your pores, must not be left on your skin. The dust, loaded with bacteria, that is always in the air, and settles on your day clothes, must not be taken to bed with you. The day's dust on your body and day clothes would rub off on the bedding.

"Don't you see how necessary it is to bathe and change to night clothes so that your day clothes may get fresh air while you sleep? Even when your body is kept carefully bathed, your clothes and your bedding must be shaken, aired and washed often in order to keep them clean."

"I just cover up my head and forget it," said Oscar.

"You surely don't sleep with your head under the covers?" said Miss Justright. "Even if the room should be very cold, you would not be willing to breathe the poison gas which your body throws off even while you sleep. Would you?"

"I never heard about poison gas inside of me," said Oscar.

"I told you, Oscar, that I would be your leader in the quest of health and happiness. You now have a chance to learn the rules of the game. These rules will help you form habits which are necessary for your own comfort and the comfort of those about you.

"Henry is going to help his mother teach these rules to his younger brother. Don't you want to do some teaching too?"

"My brothers and sisters are all dead," said Oscar.

"When you have learned all the rules of the game yourself, Oscar, try to find some one who needs them worse than you do and teach them to him."

Oscar's smile was the first he had shown since school opened.

"I have prepared something for you all to take home with you," said Miss Justright. "Many of you have learned all the rules of this part of our game at home, but you never before have had them grouped in a *code*."

"What is a code?" asked Henry. "Was it a code you made for us last week?"

“A code is a set of rules,” Miss Justright answered, as she took from her desk a package of cards held together by a rubber band. Each card had two holes in the left-hand margin, so that a cord might be put through. She gave each pupil a purple cord, because purple had been chosen as the room color.

“I want each one of you to do four things with these cards before to-morrow.

“*First*, you may take your red pencils now and place a check like this (v) before each rule that you obey every day.

“*Second*, with your lead pencil place a cross like this (x) before each one that you never obey.

“*Third*, ask your mother and father to read these rules and with your blue pencil place a cross like this (+) before each rule they think you ought to obey.

“*Fourth*, after it is checked tie it with your purple cord to the card you took home last week.”

CLEANLINESS CODE, NUMBER II

I will bathe my whole body at least twice a week. I will use warm water and a good soap till my skin is clean, then cool the water as I finish my

bath. I will rub my body with a coarse towel till it is dry.

I will take care that the clothes worn next my skin are clean.

I will not sleep in my day clothes, but will air them at night.

I will keep my face, hands, ears, and neck ready for inspection every day.

DO-ITS FOR EVERYBODY

Do you bathe your whole body twice a week?

Do you rub your body after you bathe till your skin is dry?

Do you air your night clothes in day time, and your day clothes at night?

Do you keep face, neck, ears and hands always ready for inspection?

Do all these things.

DON'TS FOR EVERYBODY

Do you sleep in your day clothes?

Do you wear soiled clothes next your skin?

Do you sit down in wet clothes after your games?

Don't do any of these things.

CAN YOU CHECK ALL THE CLEANLINESS RULES
WITH YOUR RED PENCIL?

WILL YOUR PARENTS CHECK ALL THE RULES WITH
YOUR BLUE PENCIL?

WILL ANY OF THE RULES BE CHECKED WITH
THE BLACK CROSS?

Can you pronounce these words?

| | |
|--------------|-----------------|
| cu ti cle | per spi ra tion |
| der mis | tem per a ture |
| ep i der mis | reg u late |
| per spire | |

Get well acquainted with these words. You will see them often and need to use them sometimes. Their meaning is made clear in the story.

WHY SHOULD OUR TEETH NOT BE FORGOTTEN?

“Ringlety-Jing!
And what shall we sing?
Some little crinkety-crankety thing
That rhymes and chimes,
And skips sometimes,
As though wound up with a kink in the spring.”

It was Monday morning. Miss Justright broke into Riley's Nonsense Rhyme suddenly. Thirty-one little mouths expanded in what she called their

"three-inch grin." Everybody loved to hear Miss Justright sing. Even a foolish, old, old song sounded beautiful and full of music when she sang it.

"There!" she said, stopping as suddenly as she began. "Keep smiling while I make a closer inspection."

They all laughed together. Laughing was so easy in Miss Justright's school.

Up and down the aisle she passed, smiling when she saw a healthy set of teeth. But how she frowned when she saw how ill-cared-for some of them were!

"Tut, tut, tut!" she said again and again. "Some of you have straight, clean, healthy teeth," she said, after she had finished her inspection. "But I shall have to send a note home with some of you."

"My dad knows I need to go to the dentist, but we are going to wait till we get the automobile," said Robert.

"You who have healthy, well-cared-for teeth are very fortunate," said Miss Justright. "Fine teeth can make a homely face attractive, if a sweet smile shows them. Some of you have teeth that are already crowded and uneven."

"My teeth grew that way," said Margery. "That is why I have to wear this horrid brace."

"Mother says my baby teeth did not come out soon enough," said Edna. "They crowded my new teeth out of place. I just hate this old brace."

"Your milk teeth were not properly taken care of," said Miss Justright. "I am glad your parents are now letting your dentist do all he can to make your permanent teeth right. I hope you will be brave enough to wear the braces without complaining."

"I wouldn't wear an old wire frame in my mouth," said Oscar.

"Some day, Oscar, you may wish you had. Your teeth are now spoiling the shape of your mouth, and they injure your health. Crowded, uneven teeth are hard to keep clean. A beautiful face can be spoiled by bad teeth."

The children looked at Oscar, Ina, Robert, and Jimmy.

"Our teeth are such good friends," Miss Justright continued, "we should never forget what we owe them. We all like to eat, but we could not eat if we had no teeth."

"And we couldn't enjoy our food if our teeth were aching," said Frederic.

"If we forget to wash our teeth after eating,

scraps of warm, moist food will settle between them and at their roots. The heat of the mouth will cause these warm, moist scraps to sour and decay. Forgotten teeth always make me unhappy, wherever I see them. Who wants decayed matter in his mouth? Ugh!"

"Does decay mean rot?" Lifscha asked.

"Rot, yes," said Miss Justright. "Such an ugly word! But not half so ugly as the thing itself. And if you let this happen to your teeth, you will wake up some morning, or maybe in the night, with a toothache.

"A decayed spot in your tooth will expose the nerve to the air, and oh, how it will hurt! These decayed spots come before you know it, if you forget to wash your teeth."

"Daddy calls a hole in a tooth a *cavity*," said Jean.

"My father says that teeth cavities shelter poison bacteria," said Tom. "Besides making toothache, they make people sick."

"Daddy says a clean tooth does not decay," said Jean.

"No, a clean tooth does not decay," said Miss Justright, "unless you break the *enamel*."

“What is enamel?” asked Ruth.

“Can you tell her, Jean?”

“Tooth enamel is the hard, shining, outer part of our teeth. Daddy says it is something like the outer layer of the skin, because it protects the softer layer under it. This soft, inside layer is called *dentine*.”

“Dentine decays very fast when decayed enamel exposes it,” Miss Justright added. “A decayed tooth brings so much pain that I want you all to avoid it.”

“My mother says decayed teeth make indigestion, and that makes people very sick,” said Esther.

“Mother used to sing me a little song when she washed my baby teeth,” said Sarah. “Now I sing it for myself.”

“May Sarah sing it for us?” asked Helen.

“Take your pencils, and we can play they are tooth brushes,” said Sarah, when Miss Justright motioned her to begin.

“You may call it a tooth-brush drill,” said Miss Justright.

After Sarah had shown them how, they all sang together, moving their pencils like a tooth brush, this little song.

“Up and down, and round and round,
Round and round, and up and down,
Morning, noon, and night.
This is the way I wash my teeth,
Wash my teeth, wash my teeth,
Morning, noon, and night.
Round and round, up and down,
Up and down, and round and round,
Morning, noon, and night.”

“Of course I don’t sing it every time, but if I hurry too fast, mother says, ‘Go slow. Sing your little song.’ Then I rub as long as it takes to sing it. Mother says rubbing the teeth crosswise wears the enamel.”

CORRECT EATING HABITS HELP MAKE GOOD TEETH

“I hope all of you now understand that *you must keep your teeth clean*,” said Miss Justright. “You can save both money and pain by remembering your good friends, the teeth. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. That is an adage you must not forget.”

“Daddy says toothache is an alarm clock,” said Jean. “It warns people that they may lose their teeth if they don’t take care of them.”

“Cleanliness is the first rule of the tooth game,” said Miss Justright, “but there is something else. *The right kind of food helps make the right kind of teeth.* This is very important.”

“Mother says too much sugar is bad for the teeth,” said Esther. “She won’t let me eat candy between meals. I can have only a little piece at the end of a meal.”

“Your mother knows what is good for you, Esther. Too much sugar sours in the mouth and in the stomach. The acid attacks the tooth enamel and causes it to decay. Jean told us that decayed enamel exposes the dentine. Exposed dentine soon decays and exposes the nerve. Next thing—tooth-ache! Candy between meals is very bad for the teeth.”

“Mother says that milk, whole-wheat bread and butter, eggs, fruit, and fresh vegetables are the kind of food we need to make strong bones and strong teeth,” said Mary.

“Crisp toast and bread crusts are good for the teeth,” said Miss Justright.

“I don’t see what crusts are good for,” said Bill. “I hate crusts.”

“Toast and crusts are good for the teeth, because

they must be chewed a long time," said Miss Just-right. "Your teeth and gums need exercise in order to make the blood circulate freely. This helps keep both teeth and gums in good condition."

"Miss Just-right, our baby can't chew toast and crusts. He can't eat anything but milk. Won't he have good teeth?" Alice asked anxiously.

"Yes, Alice, Baby will cut his milk teeth with no food but milk. You need not worry about that. While your little brother lies in his crib he does nothing much but crow, and cry, and sleep, and grow. He needs no food but milk.

"Not till he begins to run around and do the things you do will he need the kinds of food you eat. But even before he has any teeth at all, his mouth must be taken care of. Every time he eats, his little mouth must be washed, so there will be no acid to attack the teeth when they come."

"I wonder if mother knows that," said Alice.

"You can tell her. A clean, soft bit of antiseptic gauze over the first finger will clean Baby's mouth beautifully."

"Baby's teeth don't have to be washed, do they?" said Ina. "Baby teeth all come out anyway."

"Yes, Baby's first teeth must be well cared for,

or the permanent teeth will not do well. When the milk teeth come through, a soft baby brush must be used. No food should be left to decay in his mouth."

"Daddy says that when a little baby is born, all its teeth are in its mouth, but we can't see them," said Jean.

"That is true," said Miss Justright. "The milk teeth are in baby's mouth, just below the gums, and the permanent teeth are there, too, ready to push the milk teeth out when the right time comes."

"I'll help mother teach our baby how to take care of his teeth," said Alice.

"All of you who have baby brothers or sisters should be glad to help mother teach them good teeth rules," said Miss Justright. "You can help a great deal by your example. Baby must not form the candy habit.

"If you eat candy only at the end of a meal, you will not be likely to eat too much. Your hunger will be satisfied before you come to the candy. Of course you will wash your teeth after the meal, then there will be nothing sweet left in your mouth to sour and make your teeth decay."

"I think it is a real adventure to go to the

dentist," said Jerry. "Mother takes me twice a year. First, when the spring flowers come, and next before school opens."

"Your teeth adventures will be pleasant or painful, according to the teeth *habits* you form. Jean has some cards for you to take home with you. They have holes in the margin, like the others. You can tie them together. Do you see we are already beginning to make our book?"

"Are there more rules of the game on Jean's card?" asked Henry.

"Yes. We will call this set of rules:"

CLEANLINESS CODE, NUMBER III

I will wash my teeth three times every day.

Morning, noon, and night, I will brush them upward, downward, and round and round. Not side-wise only. If I am away from home at time for brushing and have no brush, I will rinse my mouth carefully. This will dislodge food particles which might cling to my teeth and settle at the roots.

I will use a piece of silk thread or dental floss when I can not dislodge food scraps with my brush. I will not pick my teeth with a pin, needle, or any metal thing. If I must use a pick, I will use only one of wood, and I will never use it in public.

I will not complain when my parents send me to

the dentist twice a year. I will bear bravely anything that needs to be done to make my teeth strong and beautiful.

I will eat crisp toast, crusts, and other hard foods that need much chewing, but I will never try to crack nuts with my teeth. I will do nothing that might break the enamel and expose the dentine.

I will keep my tooth brush clean.

“Of course daddy made the rules for me,” said Jean, “but I have to obey them every day. There are five. We can learn one every school day for a week. Then we can hang our cards in the bathroom to remind us.”

“We can’t keep our teeth clean without a tooth paste, can we?” said Dorothy.

“Daddy says a little table salt and a little baking soda make a good dentifrice,” said Jean. “Just a little pinch of each on the brush, or a half teaspoonful of each dissolved in warm water.”

“Salt and soda are my favorite dentifrice,” said Miss Justright. “They are cheaper than any other, and they are in everybody’s house ready for use.

“Dentists say the salt hardens the gums, and the soda prevents the acid in the mouth from attacking the enamel. I think it is better to dissolve them in warm water than to rub them on the

teeth. We must be careful not to wear out the enamel."

DO-ITS

Do you wash your teeth three times every day?

Do you eat crusts, toast, and other foods that need much chewing?

Do you have your teeth examined by a dentist twice a year?

Do all these things.

A boy or girl with forgotten teeth is not likely to be chosen for a friend.

DON'TS

Do you forget to wash your own?

Do you crack nuts with your teeth?

Do you pick your teeth with a metal pick?

Don't do any of these things.

Try to make a better tooth brush rhyme than Sarah's.

QUESTIONS TO ANSWER

What must be done for baby's first teeth to make his permanent teeth good?

What happens when baby's mouth is not washed after his milk lunch?

How many milk teeth are there? Count.

What happens when the milk teeth go?

How many permanent teeth are there? What happens when they go?

How many milk teeth have you? How many permanent teeth?

What happens when bad teeth make you unable to chew your food properly?

Can you pronounce these words?

| | |
|--------------|----------------|
| per ma nent | ex pand ed |
| en am el | cir cu late |
| den tine | in di ges tion |
| den ti frice | |

HOW CAN THE HAIR BE KEPT CLEAN, SOFT, AND ATTRACTIVE?

"I wonder why hair grows on our heads where we can't see it without looking in a mirror," said Jonathan.

He was looking at Ina's frizzed bob, which none of the children admired. Then as Oscar scratched his head, Jonathan fixed his eyes on the untidy

shock of hair, with yellowish scales of *dandruff* falling from it.

"I was wondering if it wouldn't be easier to keep heads clean if there were no hair on them," he said. "Now, if our hair grew on our hands where we could see it all the time—"

"How would you like to have your head as bald in winter as your hands, Jonathan?"

"Oh, I know it helps to keep us warm, but—"

"And how would you like to have long hair on your hands when you eat your dinner?"

"And his mother sends him away from table to wash them," Sarah added.

"I suppose it is better to let it go on growing right where it does," Jonathan admitted.

"And then take the best possible care of it," said Miss Justright. "Hair, like teeth, can make an attractive face very unattractive, if it is un-cared-for. And beautiful hair can make people forget that the face that goes with it is not attractive.

"When Mother Nature makes hair curly, like Esther's, it is good to look at. But when it takes a hot iron to make the curls, they do not improve the appearance. A hot iron can ruin the finest head of hair.

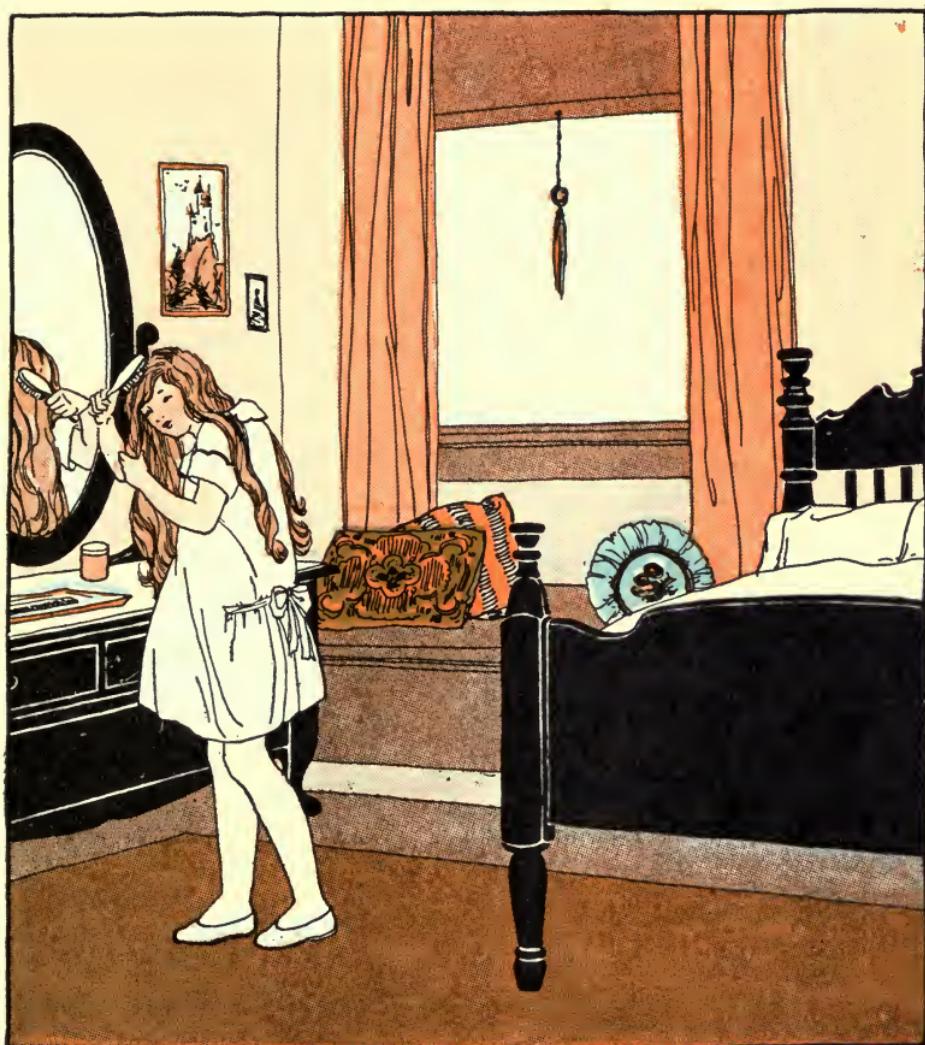
“Tousled hair makes a comfortable nest for those nasty little live things that sometimes get on the heads of people who are not clean and careful in their habits. And it is very hard to get those ugly little insects out of tousled hair.”

“I want you to know I’ve not got live things on my head,” said Oscar angrily.

“No one said you had, Oscar,” said Miss Just-right, “and I do not believe you have. But the dandruff makes your head itch. This dandruff is the dead skin of your scalp, mixed with the oil from the roots of your hair. Those scales, or flakes, stop the pores and make you very uncomfortable.

“When you scratch, can’t you see how people near you feel afraid there are live things that make your head itch? If you kept your hair cut as close as the other boys do, it would be more easily kept clean. It would be oh, so much more comfortable, and you would be a handsomer boy.

“What I like best about Esther’s hair is not its curls, but the softness which shows that she takes good care of it. She has brought us the rules she follows for keeping her hair clean, soft, and fluffy.”



Brushing the hair keeps out dust and tangles and makes it soft and glossy.

CLEANLINESS CODE, NUMBER IV

I brush my hair every day to keep out dust and tangles and make it glossy and attractive.

I use my comb only to part my hair, and I always part it carefully.

I wash my hair every fortnight, for my scalp needs to be kept as clean as the skin on any part of my body.

I use a good soap, not too strong, dissolved in soft warm water. I never rub soap on my hair. I rinse all the soap from my hair and use warm water for all the rinsings except the last. For this I use cold water.

I never use a public comb or brush. At home I use only my own comb and brush, and *I always keep them clean.*

Can you pronounce these words?

dan druff

at trac tive

tou sled

com fort able

IV

RULES OF THE GAME: KINDNESS IS THE SECOND RULE

WHY DO WE NEED THE GOLDEN RULE?

“I wonder why the clock goes so slow when we are hungry,” said Jerry.

“Are you ready for good news?”

Miss Justright held up, so everybody could see it, a rather large, quite elegant-looking, gray envelope. It was eleven o’clock, and she had seen more than one restless little worker. Every wriggle stopped.

“The girls of the eighth grade home economics class will be glad to meet the girls and boys of Miss Lowell’s third grade at luncheon next Friday at twelve o’clock. Games in the gymnasium at one o’clock. R. S. V. P.

“The last four letters are in capitals, with a

period after each letter," Miss Justright explained.

"A really truly luncheon in the dining-room?" Of course this came from Sarah, the lover of parties.

"In the dining-room, and as really-truly as a luncheon can be," said Miss Justright. "No make-believe, no play-like about it. Are you all ready to talk about your company manners?"

"What are company manners?" sneered Oscar.

"Live and learn, Oscar." Kind as Miss Justright's smile was, Oscar wished he had thought twice before he spoke.

"What does R. S. V. P. mean?" Ethel asked anxiously.

"R. S. V. P. are the initials for five French words which mean, Please reply. These French words are, '*Répondez s'il vous plait.*' That means 'Reply if it pleases you.' We shorten our request and say, 'If you please.' It has been said that the French people are the politest people in the world."

"They can't beat the Japanese for politeness," said Jonathan, who had lived a few months in Japan and had met many Japanese in his travels.

"A French lady lives in the apartment next to ours," said Ned. "Her husband was killed in the

World War, and she teaches French classes in her apartment. She says American children are very impolite."

"That is true," said Miss Justright, "of some American children. It is not true of all. Some day I hope the French people will be able to say that American children are the healthiest, happiest, and politest children in the world."

"We can help make your hope come true," said Ethel.

"Yes, if you all learn the rules of our game and practise them, it will help. Knowing the rules will not be enough. You must *practise* them till they become *habits*."

"Why do we have to have rules, Miss Justright? I just look at people I want to be like and do what they do," said Ezra.

"There can be no game without rules," said Miss Justright. "Rules make the game. When a rule becomes a habit, we may forget it. But under the habit, the rule is always there."

"I like to learn RULES OF THE GAME," said Ned. "It sounds like athaletics."

"Oh, oh, oh!" Sarah looked hurt. "It isn't athaletics, is it, Miss Justright?"

“No, indeed, Ned. You must be careful when you say athletics. There are only three syllables. You all may pronounce the word. Remember, only *three syllables*.”

“Athletics,” they all pronounced together.

“You don’t have to be polite to everybody at your own home, do you?” asked Ina. “Servants and everybody?”

“Politeness is only another name for kindness. There is no place in our homes for unkindness. Some of you have practised politeness rules at home till they have become habits. People whose politeness rules are habits are called well-bred.”

“Mother said this morning she would rather see me well-bred like Sarah than expensively dressed like— Oh, I forgot. Mother says I must not make personal remarks.” Margery had already looked at Ina.

“Some of you are not very polite in your own homes. You have not learned to obey your parents without saying, ‘What for?’ or ‘Why must I?’”

“Is it impolite to say ‘What for?’ and ‘Why?’ to your own mother and father?” asked Edna.

“Is it kind?” Miss Justright asked. “It is a false politeness that is practised only for people

outside your own home. Here at school, we are, in a way, a large family. Certainly we need politeness here all the time.

“Our school is also our community, and we are fellow-citizens as well as brothers and sisters. In order to live together comfortably and happily, we must think of the comfort and happiness of others as well as our own.”

“All the boys were impolite yesterday when Ina recited her poem,” said Ruth. “They didn’t listen till you told them to. Is that a personal remark?”

“And several girls were impolite this morning when we dramatized our history story,” said Miss Justright. “They were peevish because they could not have leading parts, although they had leading parts last week. Is that a personal remark?”

Ruth, Alice, and Esther thought it was almost personal.

“There are many ways of being impolite,” said Miss Justright. “A look can sometimes be more unkind than words.”

“Just one rule will keep us always polite,” said Ethel. “You taught us that the first day you were here. The Golden Rule, don’t you know? May we say it all together?”

“All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them,” the children repeated together.

“That is the way Jesus gave us the Golden Rule,” said Miss Justright. “There are other ways to say it. Who knows one?”

“Pe to others kint and true, as you woult haf others pe to you,” Lifscha repeated proudly in her broken English. “I learnt it at the Suntay-school.”

“I know one,” “I know one,” “I know, I know, I know, I know,” it sounded like at least half of thirty voices at once.

“The French lady was right,” said Sarah, “about *some* American children. Maybe the Golden Rule would help us to remember.”

“And we were talking about politeness!” Miss Justright looked so unhappy that all the impolite boys felt ashamed.

“You may give yours, Ned,” she spoke as quietly as if nothing unpleasant had happened.

“Don’t do anything to others that you don’t want others to do to you.”

Ned stumbled a good deal and grew very red in the face.

“That is nearly the way Confucius, the ancient

Chinese philosopher, gave the Golden Rule to his people before Jesus was born," said Miss Justright. "I like Jesus's way better. I always like *do* better than *don't*."

"True politeness is to do and say, the kindest thing in the kindest way. You gave us that the first day. Don't you remember?" Bill wanted to see Miss Justright look happy again. "May we all say it together?"

"Oscar, don't you like our definition of politeness?" Miss Justright asked when the others had repeated it. "You and Jimmy are the only ones who did not help."

"I can't remember it," said Jimmy, looking at the pile of paper scraps he had been tearing. .

"I said it to myself," said Oscar glibly.

"Oh, then you know it. You may help Jimmy."

"I can't say it out loud," Oscar growled.

"Try it."

With many false starts and much prompting, the two boys pulled through.

"Don't pretend next time, Oscar." Miss Justright's look made him wish he had honestly said he did not know the lines.

Paul had been looking at Frank, and Frank

looked at William. Leonard, Bruce, and Tom looked at Jonathan and Bill. Suddenly all the boys stood.

“I am sorry I was rude,” said Frank.

“So am I,” said Leonard.

“All of us were in it,” said Frederic, “but I don’t think any of us meant it. I guess all of us are sorry. I know I am.”

“So am I. I beg your pardon, Miss Justright,” the boys said almost in one breath.

“It is granted, boys,” Miss Justright said seriously. “We have lost a great deal of time that we can not make up. What rule will keep you out of that kind of trouble next time?”

“Do unto others as you would have others do unto you,” said Paul.

“Don’t interrupt when others are talking,” said Frank.

“If you forget and interrupt, apologize,” said Bruce.

“I know a good politeness rule,” said Ethel. “Don’t talk unless you have something worth saying.”

“That is so good, I think we must put it into one of our codes,” said Miss Justright.

“But our invitation to luncheon,” said Sarah,

looking at the clock. "Where is that coming in?"

"I am sorry to say it can not come in to-day." Miss Justright looked as sorry as Sarah. "We have taken all our time for something else. Boys, can you think of another apology you owe?"

"Beg your pardon, girls," said the boys.

"Do you still wonder why we have rules, Ezra?" Miss Justright asked. "But even the Golden Rule will not keep us out of trouble if we forget to practise it.

"Talk to your mothers to-night about the luncheon. To-morrow, I shall ask the girls to tell what we should do when we receive invitations. The boys may tell how we can practise the Golden Rule at a party."

"Don't you think it wouldn't have happened, Miss Justright," said Sarah gently, "if we had talked about the party first?" Her arm slipped around her teacher's neck.

"You are quite right, Sarah," Miss Justright confessed. "The hungry hour is not a good time to talk about politeness rules."

Can you pronounce these words?

in i tials

a pol o gy

ex pen sive ly

dram a tized

Get well acquainted with these words and use them whenever you can. Notice how they are used in the story.

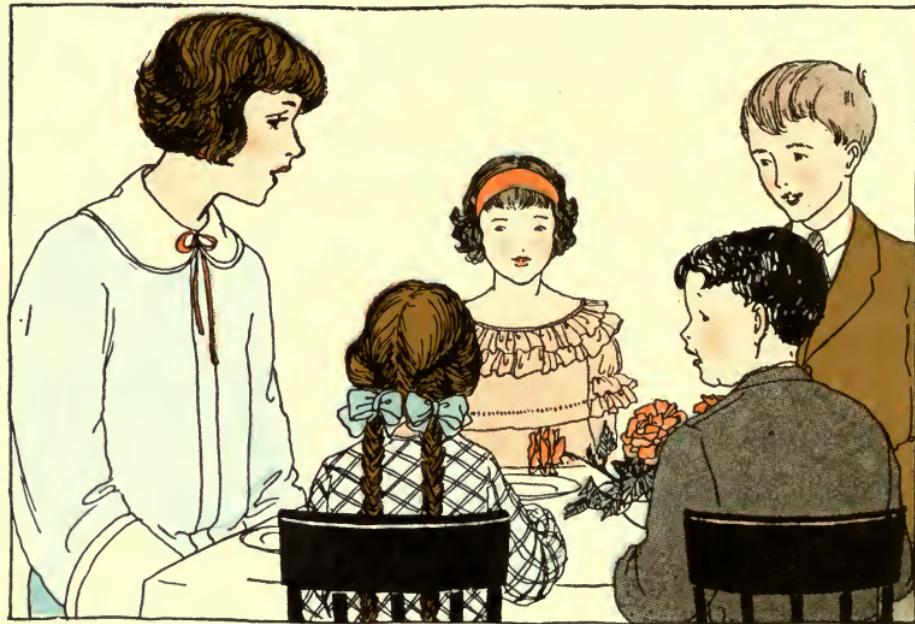
Here are two words you will not need to use often, but they are good words to know:

philosopher

Confucius

HOW CAN WE PRACTISE THE GOLDEN RULE AS GUESTS?

“When you receive an invitation, what do you do first?” Miss Justright asked.



You must not forget to thank your hostess.

"Accept it," Sarah answered eagerly, before any one else had time to speak.

"Get a new dress," said Ina.

"What must we wear?" asked Dorothy, who had few dresses.

"You are going too fast," Miss Justright held up her hand. "We have not finished the invitations yet."

"I always accept if mother will let me," said Sarah earnestly.

"How?"

"If I am invited on the telephone, I say 'Yes, thank you. Please wait till I ask my mother.'"

"But a card like this?"

"I never had one before. Mother writes a note and accepts with thanks if she can go. If she can not, she says she is sorry she can not accept."

"Mother says it is polite to tell why you can not go, if you must regret," said Helen.

"When I get an invitation, daddy says it is time to dust off my company manners," said Jerry. "He says he sees dusty spots on them at home."

"My father says I must never do anything away from home that would make my mother ashamed of me," said Alice.

“Mother says if I try to help my hostess make all her guests have a good time, she will be glad she invited me,” said Jean.

“As soon as mother lets me accept an invitation, she tells me to examine my clothes to see if they are ready to wear,” said Mary. “If they are not fit, we get them ready.”

“We must never forget to thank our hostess for giving us a happy party,” said Esther.

“That is party manners, not an invitation politeness,” said Ned.

“My mother says, Mr. Ned, that we must think of all these things when we accept an invitation,” said Esther.

“But what shall we wear?” Dorothy wanted her question answered.

“Is there anything in your invitation that might help you decide what to wear?” Miss Justright asked.

“Games in the gymnasium,” said Jerry. “That means play clothes.”

“We must be in school before the luncheon and after,” said Mary, “that means school clothes.”

“When I was a little girl,” Miss Justright laughed, “I never had to wonder what I should

wear. My Sunday clothes and my party clothes were just my clean clothes, and that was all there was of it. I still think that is a pretty good rule."

"Will there be a lot of forks and spoons?" Ned asked. "I don't like to go out to dinners and luncheons. Neither does my dad."

"Not enough forks and spoons to make you unhappy, Ned. Your own home table manners will take you through anywhere. But if you should not know just what to do, watch your hostess and do as she does."

"That would be good to put into our code, wouldn't it?" said Jonathan.

"Our hostess?" Ned looked puzzled. "I thought the whole class invited us. I can't watch all of them."

"Yes, but only the class president will be seated with you. The others will prepare the luncheon and serve you. The girl at the head of the table will be the hostess for the luncheon."

"Before you leave, you must thank her and ask her to carry a message of thanks to the other members of the class. You may select one of your own class to speak for all of you."

"Let Sarah and Jonathan do it," said Oscar and Henry.

“When you write your note of acceptance, you will say, *‘The girls and boys of Miss Lowell’s third grade accept with pleasure the kind invitation of the eighth grade home economics class for luncheon next Friday.’*”

“This is going to be a beautiful adventure,” said little Ethel.

“Boys, are you ready?” Miss Justright asked when the girls finished.

“Bill and his father came in while I was talking things over with my mother and my dad,” said Jonathan. “Mother said we ought to *organize* our plan —put together things that belong together, you know.

“So we made a lot of rules. They sound as if we took them from a book, but we didn’t. Bill and I just named the things we always have to do, and mother wrote them for us on the typewriter. Mother writes stories for the magazines.”

“Hurry up, if it is anything like a story,” said Ethel.

“Then we boys got together and divided them up. We numbered them and put them into a hat. We let each boy draw one and made every boy write out his own piece. Bill and I took the last two. Oscar drew the first one.”

THE TABLE CODE, AS BILL AND JONATHAN WORKED
IT OUT

“Well planned. Very well organized. Come on, Oscar,” said Miss Justright.

Oscar (slowly and sullenly). I will be certain that my hands, face, ears, neck and clothes are clean, and my manner pleasant.

“It just happened that Oscar drew that one. We did not plan it,” Jonathan explained.

Bruce. I will stand by my chair till the guests are placed, so that all may be seated at once. I will unfold my napkin and wait patiently till I am served.

Frederic. I will eat my soup from the side of my spoon, not from the end. “Of course everybody knows that,” said Frederic. But some of the children did not know.

Isaac. I will not make a noise when I eat my soup or drink water. I will not crumb my bread or wafers into my soup, but will take a bite at a time. If I must use my handkerchief, I will use it quietly.

Jimmy. I will answer promptly when I am

asked my choice of foods, but I will try not to be greedy.

Robert. I will not slide down in my chair, or kick the table leg. I will keep my elbows off the table.

Tom. I will not play with my knife, fork, or spoon. When I pass anything with a handle, I will turn the handle toward the person who is to take it.

William. I will remember that my knife is intended to cut my meat, and I will never put it to my mouth.

Henry. I will use my fork to carry meat, potatoes, or any greasy or sticky food to my mouth, but when I can do so easily, I will use my fingers when eating fruit.

Leonard. I will use only my fork or my spoon to carry food to my mouth; but I will take bread, crackers, or cake from my fingers, if the cake does not need a fork.

Paul. I will not bite from a large slice of bread, but will break—not cut—it into small pieces. I will hold my bread on my plate with my left hand while I butter it with my right. I will not take large bites, nor fill my mouth disagreeably full.

Frank. I will not ask for a second helping of

anything, but will wait for a second passing. I will take but one piece of bread, cake, or any other article of food at a time.

Ezra. I will use my spoon for strawberries, and for all fruits served with sugar. I will eat grapes one at a time, and remove the skins from my mouth with my fingers.

Ned. I will chew my food quietly, with my mouth closed. I will not spit anything from my mouth to my plate, but will use my fingers to remove plum seeds, olive seeds, and all fruit stones.

Bill. I will not talk with food in my mouth. I will speak when I am spoken to at table, but I will talk only when I have something interesting to say. I will try to have one good story to tell, and I will make it short.

Jonathan. I will try to clear my plate of all food given me, but I will not mop it. If I must leave the table before all have finished, I will place my knife and fork side by side on my plate, fold my napkin, and say, "Please excuse me." If I am in doubt about forks or spoons, I will watch my host (or hostess) and do as he (or she) does.

"We owe the last one to you, Miss Justright," said Jonathan.

Miss Justright started the applause when Jonathan finished, and all the girls joined in the hand clap.

“If Jonathan and Bill didn’t get their rules out of a book, they are good enough to be put into our book, aren’t they, Miss Justright?” said Sarah.

“I wish I could have a card with those rules on it, so I could teach them to my little brother,” said Henry.

“Sarah, can you and Jerry make as good a party code as Jonathan and Bill have made for the table?”

“If we think of important things that have not been mentioned, may we put them in?” asked Sarah.

“May our mothers help?” asked Jerry.

“That is what mothers are for. Add as many things as you and your mothers like. Be sure to organize your code as carefully as Bill and Jonathan organized theirs. Put together things that belong together, you know,” she smiled at Jonathan.

THE PARTY CODE, AS JERRY AND SARAH PLANNED IT WITH THEIR MOTHERS’ HELP

I will answer my invitation promptly and say, “I accept with pleasure,” or, “I am sorry I can not

accept." I will express my thanks for the invitation.

I will examine my clothes to see if they are ready to wear. The fastenings must be safe, and all my clothes clean.

If games are promised I will wear only such clothes as I can forget while I play.

I will take my bath in time to dress carefully, and I will be particular about the clothes worn next to my skin.

I will examine my company manners and dust off any carelessness that may have settled on them.

I will do nothing away from home that could make my parents sorry or ashamed. I will try to do only such things as would make them proud of me.

I will do everything I can to help my host or hostess make all the guests enjoy the party.

I will not forget to thank my host or hostess for the pleasure given me.

"Oh, it was a beautiful party," said Sarah that afternoon.

"Not a boy was impolite," said Jerry.

"We spoke pieces in the gymnasium before Miss Playfair came for the games," Paul explained. "Ethel had a fine one. It was a great long poem, and she knew every word of it. She was not a bit frightened. I wish I could say pieces without feeling scared."

“Ezra had a fine one too,” said Esther. “It was longer than Ethel’s. He surprised all of us. He is so pale and slim we didn’t think he could learn such a long one.”

“I think I am getting a little fatter every day,” Ezra said. He longed to look as healthy as Paul and Henry who were so much larger, though younger.

“Why didn’t you go, Miss Justright? We missed you,” said Fritzina.

“I had a previous engagement. And besides, I wanted to show you that I trusted *all* of you.” Miss Justright smiled at Oscar.

“The class president was nice to all of us,” said Leonard. “I think she has nice little ways like Miss Justright, don’t you, Bruce?”

“I think she did very well—for a girl,” said Bruce.

Can you pronounce these words?

or gan ize

ac cept ance

Get well acquainted with these words and use them as often as you can.

HOW CAN WE PRACTISE THE GOLDEN RULE AT HOME?

“Miss Justright, my mother said for you to make me a card that tells how to eat at home,” said Oscar on Monday after the luncheon.

“‘Hearts, like doors, will open with ease,
To very, very little keys,
And don’t forget that two are these,
I thank you, and if you please.’”

Miss Justright smiled sweetly at Oscar as she repeated the lines.

“I guess she meant please,” Oscar said, looking shyly ashamed.

“I am sure she did, Oscar, but it always helps if we remember to say it. Company manners should always be home manners. If our home manners are not good enough to take away from home with us, then we must begin at once to mend them. How many of you feel certain that you are always polite in your homes?”

“Daddy says *always* is a big word,” said Jerry.

“Do you try to think of ways to make your fathers and mothers happy that you do not practise every day? Then promise yourselves that you will

try to do these things which you have been forgetting. Esther how can you practise the Golden Rule at home in a way to help your parents most?"

"It is hard not to be cross in the morning when I get up all sleepy and 'woozy,' but I'll try."

"Mary, what can you do?"

"I like to splash a long time and play in my bath when breakfast is waiting. I think my mother would be glad if I would hurry."

"Sarah, what is your plan for making good old Golden Rule help your mother?"

"I always spread the blankets over the foot of the bed the very first thing. Mother taught me that as soon as I could toddle. Then I shake the pillow and place it where it can get the air, and hang my nightie where the wind can blow on it.

"I like to splash too, but I turn on the shower and splash as fast as I can, for I like to beat daddy to the table. He reads the news to mother and me. Of course the twins don't get up for breakfast with us."

"And you, Jerry?"

"Oh, I just try to be pleasant all the time. Daddy says I suit him pretty well."

"What will you do, Henry, to make the sun shine indoors when it rains?"

“Sometimes I don’t like what we have for breakfast—cod-fish balls. But I don’t grumble.”

“And you, Paul?”

“Mother says if I get ready for school and get myself off without bothering her, that’s all she asks.”

“Jonathan?”

“Oh, I splash a lot like Mary does, and beat daddy to the table like Sarah. Mother finds me unsatisfactory when she looks me over, but we always laugh together, and I never leave without telling her good-by. I always let her know as soon as I get home. Mother and I don’t have much trouble.”

“Ruth, how are you going to help scatter sunshine?”

“Sometimes I am hungry and cross when I get home. I can’t help being hungry, but I’ll try not to be cross.”

“What do you do to help your mother, Dorothy?”

“You know I have to take care of the baby. Sometimes he cries when I want to read a fairy story, and I can’t hear myself think. I’ll try not to be cross and worry mother.”

“I feed mother’s dog, and the cat, and the bird,” Ezra said without waiting to be called. “I get



Dorothy helps mother by trying to amuse baby while she reads.

breakfast when mother is too sleepy to get up. Oh, yes, and I change the water on the gold fish. I do a few other little things."

"Tom, what are your plans for keeping the Golden Rule busy."

"Mother says it isn't polite to go off with a book when company comes. It is pretty hard sometimes to listen to mother's guests talk, but I'll try to be polite."

"Ethel?"

"Mother and daddy seem to think I'm all right. I think I do about what Jerry does. Then I say my prayers and open my windows before I go to bed. I ask God to be good to everybody."

"Well," said Miss Justright, "I'll try to put on your next card something that will help you make for yourselves A HOME POLITENESS CODE.

DO-ITS FOR EVERYBODY AT HOME

Do you rise promptly and cheerfully in the morning when called?

Do you bathe quickly and carefully and dress yourself neatly?

Do you spread the covers over the foot of the

bed, shake the pillows and place them where they will get the air?

Do you place your night clothes where the sun and air will make them fresh?

Do you greet every member of the family cheerfully?

Do you practise your company table manners at home?

Do you save your best stories for the table?

Do you get ready for school promptly and cheerfully?

Do you try to get ready in time to do necessary errands for mother?

Do you do mother's errands gladly?

Do you say good-by to mother before leaving for school?

Do you let mother know when you return from school, noons and afternoons?

Do you put your wraps, rubbers, umbrellas, and school things where they belong?

Do you do all you can to help mother when you come home?

Do you do your share of caring for the family pets?

Do you treat all guests in your home politely?

Do you rise if seated when older people enter the room?

Do you step aside for older people to pass?

Do you pass behind, not in front of people?

Do you say "Excuse me," when you must pass in front?

Do you say good night to father and mother, sister and brother when bed-time comes?

Do you place your clothes where they will get the air while you sleep?

Do you open your windows and go to bed with kindness in your heart for everybody?

Do all these things.

DON'TS FOR EVERYBODY AT HOME

Do you grumble when you are called in the morning?

Do you sulk at the table, or talk about disagreeable things?

Do you grumble because you do not like the food?

Do you quarrel with brother or sister?

Do you say "What for?" or "Why?" when mother or father ask you to do things?

Don't do any of these things.



These boys will be ready when breakfast is called.

Answer these questions and make for yourself a home politeness code.

Can you pronounce these words?

im me di ate ly un sat is fac to ry

HOW SHALL WE BEHAVE ON THE STREET?

“Mother says we need some politeness rules for the street,” said Ruth one morning. The hands and hair had been inspected, the tooth brushing and baths reported, and the breakfast habits talked about. “Mother said she saw some boisterous little girls on the street yesterday.”

“Have those little girls never been told how to behave on the street?” Miss Justright asked.

“They have probably been *told* often enough,” said Tom.

“Yes, I know who the boisterous little girls were,” said Bruce. “No wonder Ruth’s mother was ashamed of her. She and Ina yelled to Dorothy across the street.”

“Have you never been told how to behave on the street, Ruth?” Miss Justright asked again.

“We never had any cards to remind us,” said Ruth.

"Children, do you believe there are any boys and girls in this city who have never been told how to behave on the street?"

"We have all been told enough times," said Henry. "Our mothers tell us, and you tell us."

"Then why boisterous little girls on the street, Ruth?"

"We forgot." Ruth looked ashamed.

"Did you tell your mother you had had politeness rules for the street given you at school?"

"I forgot," Ruth said again.

"My father says what we need most is Safety-First rules," said Frank. "A boy hopped a freight train on First Street last Saturday and had both legs cut off. He was nine years old. Daddy said it might have been one of us. He says children take such foolish risks that he wonders why there are not more accidents."

"Robert was knocked down right out in front of this school house one day," said Ned. "He was playing marbles in the middle of the street and didn't hear the honk."

"Robert, have you never been told not to play marbles in the street where the automobiles go?"

"I forgot," Robert said.

“Have you never had any Safety-First rules?”

“You have told us a good many things, but you never gave us a card for them, like some of the other things,” said Frank.

“What is one perfectly good safety-first rule that would prevent automobile accidents and street car accidents? One that has been given you over and over ever since you first started to school?”

“*Cross the street only at crossings. Stop, look in all directions, and listen,*” said Frank.

“Have you ever been given a rule that would prevent railroad accidents?”

“Never loiter at the railroad or the station,” said Frank, “and *never try to steal a ride.*”

“Did you tell your father that you had been warned against ‘hopping trains’ and that you had had other safety-first rules?”

“I forgot,” said Frank.

“Ruth, you and Frank forgot to tell your mother and his father that you had already had given you at school the very things they think you need. Is that fair? A very few rules will keep us out of trouble *if we obey them.* Safety-first rules and politeness rules will do us no good *if we disobey them, or forget to practise them.*”



Safety rules will not protect children who do not obey them.

A STREET BEHAVIOR CODE

Politeness Rules:

I will keep my chest high and my back straight.

I will greet my friends courteously and not shout their names.

I will keep to the right, in order to avoid collisions with people coming from the opposite direction.

I will be careful not to block the sidewalk, or take more than my share of it.

I will carry my closed umbrella so that it will endanger no one.

In my games I will take care that my sport does not interfere with the rights of others.

I will answer questions politely and pass on, if I am asked for information, but I will not be led off the main thoroughfare by strangers.

I will not ask strange men, women, or boys if I need information, but will ask a policeman.

Safety-First Rules:

I will not loiter at the railroad, or at the station, and I will not play on a busy thoroughfare.

I will take no foolish risks which might result in accidents.

I will use my eyes, my ears, my common sense, and I will obey my parents and my teachers.

I will cross the street only at crossings. I will stop, look, and listen.

Will the boys and girls who read this book promise to do these things?

For boys:

I will lift my hat, not merely touch it, when I greet older people or my girl friends.

I will keep on the outside next the street when I walk with a woman or girl, in order that I may be able to protect her if need arise.

I will offer my arm to elderly people if they need assistance.

Ask your father and mother to name other things you should remember in order to avoid danger when away from home.

Ask your mother and teacher to name other things you should remember on the street.

Can you pronounce these words?

bois ter ous

thor ough fare

HOW CAN WE PRACTISE THE GOLDEN RULE AS HOUSE GUEST OR HOST?

“Miss Justright, mother would like for me to have a few good-form rules for a house party,” said Edna. “I am invited to one next week-end.”

“Who can give Edna one suggestion?” Miss Justright asked.

“Mother says when we invite house guests we must always say when we want them to come, and

how long we want them to stay," said Helen. "Then if we get an invitation, we ought to go when we are expected, and stay only just as long as we are wanted."

"You must take your own things," said Mary. "Comb and brush, and towels, and wash-cloth, and everything."

"You must not peep into closets," said Leonard.

"You must not ask impolite questions," said Esther, "or boast about your own things."

"You ought to try to help," said Henry.

"I always try to make them want me to come again," said Sarah.

"Of course mother knows all those things," said Edna, turning up her nose. "Everybody knows those things. Mother wanted—I guess she wanted something different. She says there are a lot of nice little 'do's' and ugly little 'don'ts' that every lady ought to know."

"There are indeed," said Miss Justright, "but our home manners ought to be good enough to take with us to a house party or anywhere we go." She had repeated this many, many times. "And our company manners ought never be too good to use at home. What can be better than the Golden Rule?"



We must be sure our clothes are in good order.

A CHILDREN'S HOUSE GUEST CODE

When invited for an over-night, a week-end, or a longer visit, I will arrive at the time I am expected, and I will not stay longer than the time for which I am invited.

I will take with me my own comb, brushes, towels, wash-cloths, and all needed toilet articles.

I will not peep into rooms, closets, or bureau drawers.

I will not show curiosity about the family affairs of my hostess or host, nor will I talk about my own.

I will offer to help with the work, but if my offer is declined, I will not insist.

If a company is invited for my pleasure, I will do everything I can to help my hostess, or host, make a pleasant time for everybody.

I will try all the time to be as helpful and entertaining as I can be and make my hostess glad she invited me.

I will not be a "sponge," but will try to return, in some way, every social courtesy I accept.

"Miss Justright, we have no card to tell what to do with company in our house," said Fritzina. "Mother is expecting an old friend that she has not for a long time seen. They lived by each other when they were little. What shall my mother do with her?"

"When we invite people to our homes," said Miss Justright, "we wish to make them happy. We want them to be glad they came, sorry to go, and wish to come again. If we treat our guests as we should wish to be treated, wouldn't that be about all we should need to do? Will this help to answer your question, Fritzina?"

"I will tell my mother what you have said," Fritzina replied. She could not see just how it would show her mother what to do with her old friend.

"What would you do first, Miss Justright, if you

were a little girl and wanted to invite company?" asked Sarah, always ready to discuss a party.

"First of all," said Miss Justright, "I would ask my mother if we could afford to have the company. If she said yes, then we could begin to make our plans for whatever kind of party we could afford. Parties must be carefully planned, or they cost more than they should."

"May we talk about the invitations first?" said Helen. "I always want to invite so many more than I can have."

"Everybody, even little girls and boys, should keep a careful list of the people who have entertained them. None of us want to be 'sponges' and take, take, take, without ever giving."

"Mother always helps me make my list," said Sarah.

"Of course I should let my mother decide how many should be invited, and which ones I should not invite. Mothers know best about such things. Sometimes they have good reasons for not inviting the very people we very much wish to entertain."

"It must be a lot of work to give a party," said Dorothy, who had never had one.

"After mother and I had agreed on our list,"

Miss Justright continued, "I would help get the house ready. When we invite company, we always want our homes to look their very best. Spick and span clean as a new pin. Of course I would never think of letting mother do anything which I could just as well do."

"I want to hear about refreshments," said Edna.

"If we were going to have refreshments," said Miss Justright, "I would help mother get them ready. We would serve only simple foods which could be easily prepared, and easily digested.

"First, because I would not want to over-work mother. Second, because I would not want to give my friends indigestion. Third, I would not want to make a display."

"Mustn't we always have a new dress when we give a party?" Ina asked. "Mother does."

"We are talking about children's parties now. Do you remember, Ina, that I told you my party clothes were just my clean clothes when I was a little girl? If I were you, I would wear only simple clothes, so that I might be ready to lead in whatever games were played. I would dress carefully, but simply."

"Mother says that it is not kind for a hostess to

wear such elegant clothes that her guests might feel badly dressed," said Jerry.

"I would have all my preparations made in time to feel rested and fresh when my guests arrived. Then mother and I could receive them together and make every one feel welcome from the first moment.

"Of course there would be no one invited that mother did not know, but if one of my guests brought a friend who was a stranger in the city, I would introduce her to mother first thing. Does any of this help you to know how to entertain your mother's friend, Fritzina?"

"I would like to have a card that would tell my mother just what to do," said Fritzina. "She thought you would send one."

A CHILDREN'S HOST OR HOSTESS CODE

When I invite guests to my home, I will not try to change my manner of living, but will let my guests share my family life.

I will not be ashamed of the best I can do, and I will not pretend to be able to do things which I can not afford. I will not make a boastful display.

I will try to make my guests glad they came, sorry to go, and wish to come again.

Can you pronounce these words?

| | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| en ter tain ing | cour te sy |
| prep a ra tions | in tro duce |
| re fresh ments | di gest ed |

Use these words as often as you can. Notice how they are used in the story.

How CAN WE PRACTISE THE GOLDEN RULE AT SCHOOL?

Do you always try

To be as clean and neat as you think others ought to be?

Do you always

Go straight from home to school, and from school to home, or loiter on the way?

Arrive on time, but not too early, or hang around before and after school?

Have your material ready when the signal for work is given?

Treat all pupils kindly, or whisper secrets to a few intimate friends?

Speak of your school with respect and try to gain for it the respect of others?

Try in every way you can to make your school the best place in the world for boys and girls to live?

Do you ever

Disturb your teachers or school mates by talking unnecessarily in study time?

Interrupt when others are speaking?

Ask meddlesome questions?

Borrow school material which you should provide for yourself?

Do you remember

Others have rights which you must respect?

Play-time ends when the bell rings?

It is rude to step between two people who are talking to each other?

It is ill-bred to eat at recess, in the presence of others, things which you can not share with them?

It is dishonest to *forget* to return borrowed material?

Are you always ready

For recitations, recreations, and dismissals, or do you keep others waiting?

Do you boast

Of your clothes, or the money your parents give you to spend?

Of your strength, or skill in games, or your grade marks, or do you wait for others to discover and recognize your ability?

Pick carefully four of these questions:

Do you always play fair?

Are you a good loser?

Do you congratulate the winner?

Are you satisfied with your school habits?

Do your habits satisfy your teacher?

Answer these questions and make for yourself a school code.

Get well acquainted with these words and use them as often as you can.

sug ges tion

prep a ra tion

en ter tain

cu ri os i ty

de clined

rec og nize

re fresh ments

con grat u late

V

RULES OF THE GAME: GOOD NOURISHMENT IS THE THIRD RULE

WHY DO WE EAT?

“I wonder why I get so hungry every day,” said Jonathan. “I feel starved right now.”

“My daddy says our bodies are much like automobiles, or steam engines,” said Frederic. “He says they are more in—i—ntricate. I think that was the word he used.”

“Yes, and you can’t make an engine run without fuel,” said Frank. “You have to feed it coal, or gasoline, or oil, or alcohol, or something. I ride with my daddy sometimes. When he is ready to fire up he says, ‘The old girl is getting hungry.’ He talks to his engine like it was a woman.”

“We don’t eat coal, or gasoline, or oil, or things like that,” Jimmy objected.

“I guess the things we do eat do to us what the

fuels do to the engines," said Ned. "They keep us running."

"And the harder I play or work, the hungrier I get, I wonder why," said Jonathan.

"Maybe we are like my dad's engine," said Frank. "The harder he runs it, the oftener he has to fire up. Of course my dad doesn't stoke. The fireman shovels the coal. Dad says the fuel furnishes the power. He says a man who abuses his engine is liable to be wrecked. He is almost as good to his engine as he is to mother."

"Yes, Frank, the careless engineer is likely to damage his engine, and he may injure himself and others."

"I suppose our food is the fuel for our body engines," said Frederic.

"I wonder why I must eat toast, and crusts, and oatmeal, and cabbage, and carrots, and spinach, and everything, when I want pie and ice-cream soda," said Bill.

"I wonder why the things we like the best are the very things we mustn't have," said Tom. "Of course my father explains why I must eat some things and must not eat some others. But I know what I like, and I know when I want them."

"I could eat a whole pie before dinner, but mother won't let me have any till dessert. Then I am so full I can eat only a weenty, teeny piece."

"I thought you two boys wanted to play football some day," said Miss Justright. "Do you think any coach would pick 'cake-eaters' for his team? Don't you remember that we need toast, crusts, and other hard foods that must be chewed a long time in order to make the blood in our gums circulate freely and strengthen our teeth?"

"Daddy makes me take setting-up exercises and work in the garden so I will have tough muscles," said Ned. "That makes me so hungry I can eat anything."

"I am going to be a blacksmith, like Alice's father and the man in the poem," said Ezra. He rolled up his sleeve and showed a puny little arm.

"He will have to hurry, won't he, Tom?" said Bill. "He is as slim as a lead pencil now."

"Ezra is gaining as fast as he can," said Miss Justright. "He had more to gain than some of you, but he is doing pretty well."

"Theodore Roosevelt was a thin, puny boy, but he made himself a strong, rugged man. You boys can do that too, if you work at it as Roosevelt did."

But eating pie and ice-cream soda, instead of milk, whole-wheat bread and butter, and good vegetables will not make you strong."

"I am going to be a farmer and split rails and build fences like Abe Lincoln and maybe I'll be President," said Robert.

"*You* a farmer?" Leonard laughed. "Yes, you will—NOT! Say, you don't know anything about a farm. Farmers don't split rails and build fences any more. Timber is all used up, and any way, they don't have time. They have wire fences, and silos, and tractors, and things like that. Did you ever raise chickens and turkeys? Feed pigs, or milk a cow?"

"Of course not. I live in an apartment."

"I thought so. Did you ever trap muskrats and weasels? You have to be raised on a farm—mother says *reared*—to know anything about it."

"The farm is very interesting, Leonard, but we must talk about something else to-day. Whether you are a blacksmith or surgeon, minister or farmer, your food will either make you or break you. We must learn how it can make us and not break us."

"Does all our food fire us up and keep us run-

ning, as Ned says?" Ethel asked. "There is ice-cream soda, and snow pudding, and—"

"No, Ethel. If we ate nothing but firing-up food, our engines would soon burn out. We shall learn more about that by and by. Frederic's father is a famous surgeon, and he told Frederic that the human body is a very intricate machine. Remember that word, *intricate*, children.

"We have thirty-one intricate little engines, or machines, right here in this room. There are thirty-one little engineers who are just beginning to learn something about their engines. Frank's father says the engineer who abuses his engine is likely to wreck it. We must not have any wrecked engines in this group, must we?"

"Daddy says there is a lot to learn about an engine," said Frank.

"Learning about our human engines will be one of our most wonderful adventures," said Miss Just-right. "If we abuse our bodies and let them break down, we must call in the physician or surgeon," Miss Just-right warned. "But if we feed them properly and treat them kindly, they will last a long time without breaking down. They can make their own repairs as they go. The right kind of food

and exercise will keep them running, but the food must be eaten at the right time and in the right way."

"And we must practise safety-first rules," said Frank.

"Our bodies have work to do," Miss Justright continued. "Some parts of them must work every minute, sleeping or waking. Eyes and ears, hands and feet, rest at night. Heart, lungs, and some other parts of the body must work all the time, even while we sleep.

"Our hearts never stop pumping the blood through our veins and arteries. Our lungs never stop drawing in the air and sending it out. They work night and day, and this wears them out.

"Even tiny baby bodies must work. When you were a wee bit of a baby, just born, your little body began to work. It has been working ever since. It has been all the time wearing out, but it has been all the time growing too."

"I didn't know I had been working all the time," said Jerry.

"No, you are just beginning to think about it," said Miss Justright. "Learning to think is a fine adventure."

“The food you have eaten has changed your soft little baby bodies into the sturdy boy and girl bodies you now have. The food you will eat will change these bodies into bigger, stronger, man bodies and woman bodies.

“Hunger is the alarm clock that warns us time has come to make repairs, just as toothache is the alarm that tells us our neglected teeth must have a dentist’s attention.

“Do you see, Jonathan, why you get hungry three times a day? Do you all see how our bodies are so much like an engine or automobile that they are often called the human machine?

“To-morrow we shall talk about what we ought to eat. If we eat wrong things, or eat right things in the wrong way, or at the wrong time, we may have some wrecked engines. Don’t you think so, Jimmy? Half past eleven. Time is up.”

Can you pronounce these words?

in tri cate
ma chine
en gi neer
gas o line

si lo
phy si cian
veg e tables

WHAT SHOULD WE EAT?

"I told my father what you and Helen said one day about the bacteria. He knows what they can do, and he told me a good many stories about them. He says that most of them are *little plants*. Did you know they were plants, Miss Justright?"

Jerry hoped the other boys and girls would be as much surprised as she had been.

"Oh," said Ethel, "I thought bacteria were something like elves and gnomes, or some kind of little fairy things. How can plants work and do so much harm?"

"Yes, Jerry, most of the bacteria trouble-makers are little plants, but some of those that do the most harm are animals. They are so small they can be seen only through a microscope. Don't forget that dust and dirt are loaded with these little enemies. But we said we would talk to-day about the kinds of foods we should eat.

"In one way or another, all our foods come from the earth. We eat the vegetables that grow in gardens, the fruits that grow on trees, bushes or smaller plants, and the grains that grow in the fields.

“Most of the meat we eat is the flesh of animals that eat grains and grasses.

“We like salt in some of our foods, and we could not live without water. Salt and water come from the earth, but they do not grow out of the soil as fruits and vegetables do. They are *minerals*.

“There are other salts in the earth besides our table salt, and we need some of them in our food. They all are minerals, but we can get them best from the vegetables which take them from the soil, or from animals that eat these vegetables.

“Do you see that the earth gives us *vegetable* foods, *animal* foods, and *mineral* foods? All of them help in different ways to keep us alive, keep us well, and make us grow.”

“We eat more vegetables than minerals or animal foods,” said Ned, who worked in the home garden and helped raise vegetables for the family.

“My father says that foods belong in families and that we ought to balance our ration and eat some of all of them,” said Tom.

“Yes, there are *fuel foods*, *building foods*, and another family that we call *protective foods*. You already know many members of each family. We will name some of them.”

FUEL FOODS

Corn bread, or mush, wheat bread, oatmeal, macaroni or spaghetti; dried lima beans, dried navy beans; potatoes, bananas; sugar, candy, molasses, dates, most fruits, salt pork, margarine, peanut butter, whole milk, bacon, butter, cream.

BUILDING FOODS

Dried navy beans, dried lima beans, dried peas, oatmeal, corn bread, or mush, wheat bread, whole-wheat bread, Graham bread, salt cod fish, skimmed milk, cheese, peanuts, macaroni or spaghetti, leg of mutton, beef, lamb, eggs, fish, nuts.

PROTECTIVE FOODS

Vegetables.

Lettuce, carrots, parsnips, turnips, celery, oyster plant, cabbage, onions, spinach, tomatoes.

Fruits.

Apples, baked or raw, pears, currants, raspberries, cranberries, tomatoes, oranges, grapefruit, prunes, dates, figs.

Water.

“The fuel foods keep us warm and give us energy

to do our work," said Miss Justright. "They 'fire us up,' as Frank said. Without them, we could not do the things we wish to do or the things we must do whether we wish to or not. Nor could we keep warm even if we wore the thickest clothing. Would you need more fuel food in summer or in winter?

"The building foods build up our bodies. Many fuel foods contain some building material, and most building foods contain some fuel. The protective foods also contain fuel and building material."

"What do you mean by build up the body?" Bruce asked.

"Don't you remember that we said our bodies are all the time wearing out and all the time growing too? The building foods mend the worn out parts and keep you growing. The protective foods help to keep the bowels and kidneys acting in the right way."

"My father says that all the protective foods contain a great deal of water, and water is one of the best protectors," said Tom.

"They also contain mineral salts which help digest the food and help the kidneys and bowels

throw waste matter out of the body," said Miss Justright.

"That is a great deal to remember," said William.

"Yes, but we knew most of it already," said Frederic.

Do you have a home garden? Do you raise any of the protective foods? Can you pronounce their names?

Can you pronounce the names of the fuel foods and the building foods?

FOOD DEALERS MUST HELP PLAY THE HEALTH GAME

"I wonder what Paul has in his basket," said Jerry, as Paul and the janitor came through the door.

Everybody sat with high chest, ready for a surprise. The janitor placed a large package on Miss Justright's desk and Paul set his basket there too. A white cloth covered the package. Many delightful adventures had begun in this way, and the children were always eager to see what was under the cover.

"Paul and I did some marketing for the home

economics class yesterday after school, and Paul has delivered the goods for his father," Miss Justright explained.

All the children stood, and nobody said, "Sit down." Miss Justright took off the cover, and



Paul helps Miss Justright with a food lesson.

there stood a glass show case from the grocery. Inside the case there lay—what do you guess? A two-pound dressed chicken and a three-pound fish lay on a snow-white tray with a blue border. A bouquet of crisp green parsley lay between them.

There was also a lamb chop, with a slice of

boiled ham, and a piece of tenderloin steak, each as large as the chop. Then there were a slice of bacon, a cubic inch of cheese, six slices of bread, and a pat of butter.

From Paul's basket Miss Justright took another white tray. On this she set a white bowl with eight gleaming white eggs from Leonard's home farm. Another bowl had six fair-sized potatoes, nicely scrubbed for baking. A quart bottle of milk and an empty glass stood by the eggs. All the hunger alarm clocks began to strike.

"Paul's father keeps such an attractive grocery that it is always a pleasure to market there," said Miss Justright. "Everything is kept under glass that can be protected in that way.

"The salad vegetables are never displayed on the street where the dust germs fill the air. They are washed and kept in the rear of the store, where a sprayer keeps them fresh. Screens and electric fans keep away the flies."

"My father was made sick once by infected fruit," said Paul. "He says nobody shall ever get dirty food at his place."

"Mother says prices are too high at that grocery. She can't afford to trade there," said Ezra.

“My mother says there are cheaper places,” said Mary, “but she gets more for her money at Mr. Klenzo’s. She had rather pay a good price for clean things than have dirty ones given her.”

“Why did you put those things in that glass case?” asked Fritzina.

“For the same reason that Mr. Klenzo keeps them under glass in his grocery. To keep the flies and dust germs away from them.”

“Then why didn’t you put all of them under glass? My father keeps everything in his shop in glass cases.”

“Your father keeps a clean market, Fritzina. That is why we went there for our steaks and chops. But the milk can stand outside the glass case, because it is already protected by the glass bottle. Milk should always be bought in sealed bottles, never in cans that are driven through the street.

“The eggs are protected by their shells which will be washed before they are broken. The potatoes will have another scrubbing before they are eaten. Even when the grocer is careful, the cook must do what is needed to make food safe.”

“Mother will not buy groceries where they are not kept screened or under glass,” said Helen.

"She is quite right. Screens will keep out flies, but they let in the dust from the street. This dust is loaded with bacteria. *Germs are disease seeds.* They grow very fast wherever there is filth.

"Flies from garbage cans, from stables, and sewers, delight in groceries that have no screens or glass cases. Their hairy legs carry millions of foul germs, and they leave a part of it wherever they light.

"Salad materials must be washed carefully before they are eaten. People with soiled hands handle them in the markets, and they are exposed to dust from the street and to flies."

"I'll tell mother that," said Ezra.

"I borrowed these things from the home economics class for two reasons. First, I wanted to show you how food should be protected by the people who sell it. These foods were taken from the refrigerator and must not be left here. They must go at once to the kitchen to be cooked, or placed in the cold storage box."

HOW DO SCREENS AND REFRIGERATORS HELP PLAY THE HEALTH GAME?

"Mr. Klenzo takes good care of the food he sells.

The people who buy his goods must be just as careful after they buy them. Remember the dust in the air is full of bacteria. Nothing escapes them. But there is a way to keep them from harming our foods. We can keep our foods so cold the bacteria can not grow and multiply."

"We have no ice box, and our baby's milk sours sometimes," said Dorothy.

"No meat, milk, butter or moist food should be placed in the pantry to wait for cooking time. Only dry foods should be placed there. Moist foods, whether cooked or raw, must be kept very cold.

"If there is no ice chest in the home, then food should not be bought till time to use it. Baby's milk should not be taken from the grocer's refrigerator till time to feed him."

"Is it bacteria that make things have such a bad smell when they spoil?" Ruth asked.

"Yes, the bacteria in the air find in meat, milk, and in starchy foods, just the soil they need to make them grow very fast. In a short time they make, oh, such ugly changes! Then we say the foods are spoiled.

"They sour, mold, or putrify. All these words mean decay, or rot. Spoiled foods have such a bad

odor that our sense of smell can warn us against their use. These are things we all need to know to make us as careful as we ought to be.

"Come to the table and look at this fine fresh food. Notice the size of the chicken, the fish, the chop, the steak, the ham, and the potatoes. If you remember how they look, it will help you to understand our next talk better. Move quickly."

"The home economics class is ready for the groceries, ma'am," said the janitor, and the children filed around the table.

"One day I forgot and left the refrigerator open," said Jimmy.

"What happened?" Miss Justright asked.

"Then I forgot and left the screen open," he confessed. "The flies just swarmed in. Mother had to throw away the meat and potatoes."

"Ice wasted, food wasted, more work for mother. All because Jimmy forgets. Flies are the worst of all health enemies. They carry the worst of disease germs on their feet because they wade through the ugliest kind of filth."

"Daddy says flies never wipe their feet," said Jonathan.

"Our refrigerator stands away back in a dark

corner, and mother can hardly see things in it. One day she put in some potatoes and forgot all about them," said Edna.

"When she cleaned the refrigerator, they were covered with a tall whitish kind of moss. Daddy said it was mold and poison. I tell you mother was frightened."

"Refrigerators should always be kept in a light, well-ventilated place. Never in a dark corner. Of course they must be kept *clean*. Mold grows very fast in dark, moist places, and potatoes feed the mold bacteria better than most foods. All starch foods are good soil for them to grow in, and they should be eaten only when freshly cooked.

"Miss Justright, if the air is full of poison germs, we must get a few of them into our mouths when we talk, or laugh, or sing. Why don't they make us sick?" Leonard asked.

"Sometimes they do. But even when these little mischief-makers get into our bodies through Bacteria Toll Gate, a strong, sturdy body can nearly always resist them. Do you see why we try so hard to make you want to be healthy and strong? You can build up *resistance* by forming good health habits."

“What is resistance?” asked Lifscha.

“Resistance means pulling the other way, doesn’t it?” asked Henry.

“That tells it pretty well, Henry, and you must learn how to pull away from careless habits. That will keep you pulling toward good health habits.”

Can you pronounce these words?

| | |
|------------|-----------------|
| infected | refrigerator |
| electric | putrify |
| parsley | well-ventilated |
| tenderloin | |

Are you trying to build up *resistance*?

• WHAT SHOULD WE KNOW ABOUT FOODS?

It was weighing day, and every child was eager to know whether he had gained or lost.

“I am nine and a half, Miss Justright. How tall ought I to be, and how much should I weigh?” asked Henry.

“No one knows *exactly* how tall a nine-year-old boy or girl should be, nor what children of that age should weigh. That may depend on whether their parents are large or small.

“Children must be heavy enough to support their



Swarms of flies spoil the food because Jimmy "forgets" to close the screen and refrigerator.

height, whatever that is. If they are tall and thin, the body is nearly certain to stoop. A stooped body cramps the lungs. Cramped lungs can not take in enough fresh air to purify the blood and give a good appetite.

"A boy or girl of eight-and-a-half to nine-and-a-half who is 52 inches tall, should weigh about 64 pounds. Then enough balanced food must be eaten to repair wear and tear, keep up growth, and make our work and play a pleasure. Of course we must have some way to measure our food needs."

"That is where calories come in," said Tom. "I hear daddy talk about calories."

"Mother talks about them too, but I don't know what they are," said Leonard.

"We measure a food portion by what it will do," said Miss Justright. "A calorie is what we use for our measure. A certain number of calories are thought to be needed to bring a certain gain in body weight.

"A cubic inch of cheese contains about 100 calories of food. The lamb chop, slice of bacon, the piece of ham, the tenderloin steak, each contain about 100 calories. Do you see why I asked you to look carefully at the sizes of the food portions?

Instead of saying 100 calories, we take these things as measuring portions. That was my second reason for borrowing the groceries.

“But lamb chops are not always the same size,” Leonard objected.

“No, but they are about the same size,” said Miss Justright.

HOW MUCH FOOD DO WE NEED?

“A boy or girl of eight-and-a-half to nine-and-a-half, who is 52 inches tall and weighs about 64 pounds, will need about 1,800 or 2,000 calories a day. A boy or girl of that age who is taller and who is under weight will need more. Some food experts say as much as 2,500 or 3,000.

“A boy or girl of that age who is shorter will not need so much. Height tells us how much a child should weigh. Height for weight tells us how much a child should eat. There must be enough food to give the proper weight. *If there is not enough weight to support the height, the body will stoop.*

“About one-fourth of your food should be eaten for breakfast, and one-fourth for noon lunch or

evening meal. That leaves about one-half for dinner. Only one heavy meal a day should be eaten."

"Miss Justright, you say about, and about, and about. I like to know things exactly," said Leonard.

"So do I, Leonard," Miss Justright laughed. "But when you can not know exactly, it is safer to say 'about.' Many food experts believe that five light meals a day are better for children than three heavy ones.

"That is why we have a mid-morning and a mid-afternoon lunch for all of you. You are not so hungry when you go home and are not so likely to over-eat. In five light meals you will eat more than in three heavy ones, and you will not have long hungry spells. The extra lunches must be eaten as regularly as the three meals a day.

"Mary's mother has written for us some of the things we need to know about some of our foods. Mary will read for us."

THE MILK STORY

"The quart of milk we drink every day," Mary read, "contains as much nourishment as the two-pound chicken or the three-pound fish. It contains

as much as the six potatoes, the eight eggs, or the six slices of bread.

“The milk is all food, while the bones of the fish and the chicken, and the meat that sticks to the bones, are waste. The milk costs less than the chicken or the fish, and it serves the same purpose.

“Milk is a building food, but its cream provides a large amount of fuel. It is rich in mineral salts. Whole milk is nearly a complete food. Bulk is the only thing it lacks. This can be supplied by bread and fresh vegetables.

“Your glass of milk at home is equal to your half-pint bottle at school. This half pint of milk is equal in nourishment to two large slices of bread, or one slice of bread and butter. It is also equal to a fair size helping of ham, bacon, steak, or chop. It is equal to two fair size potatoes, or two eggs, or a cubic inch of cheese.”

“What is nourishment?” asked Lifscha.

“Suppose we call it food,” said Miss Justright. “But I want you to remember the word, nourishment.”

“My father says—” Frederic stopped and looked first at the children, then at his teacher. “I wonder if they think I talk too much about my father.”

"Go on, Frederic. Fathers and mothers must help us to play the health game. Your father can tell us many things we need to know."

"Daddy says we must know whether our machine is in good condition or disabled before we can know what kind of food we need and how much we need."

"That is true, Frederic. We must know whether our bodies are of normal weight, under weight, or over weight."

"What is normal weight?" asked Bruce.

"Normal weight means what you should weigh for your height. Our chart tells us the normal weight for different heights," said Miss Justright.

"Just what we weigh when we feel the best," said Tom.

"On my second day here with you, we had our first measure and weight day. I learned then that more than one-third of our school was under weight, and one was much over weight.

"That meant that twelve little bodies were under nourished, and one was over fed. Too little nourishment and too much exercise for the under-weights. Too much food and too little exercise for the over-weight.

“The first time I talked to your mothers, I learned that nearly all the under-weights had bad food habits and some other habits that were not good. All but two drank coffee or tea, and all ate candy or other sweets between meals.

“Some drank colored drinks on the street and ate pickles on the way home from school. That, of course, spoiled the appetite for wholesome food at the table and left hungry, peevish children for home and school. One ate a great deal too much meat.

“Some had diseased tonsils and adenoid growth. One had weak eyes and read fairy stories in bed. Some slept on a high pile of pillows and had bad dreams. Some went to picture shows at night and lost the sleep they needed.”

“We had a lot of careless engineers and broken-down engines, hadn’t we?” said Frank.

“How many have given up coffee and tea at meals, and candy and other sweets between meals?” Miss Justright asked.

All but Ina stood. “Only a weenty teeny bit of ice-cream soda,” she said. “No tea or coffee, no candy except for dessert.”

“You are learning better and better every day

to play the health game according to the rules. That means that you are learning to take better care of your own bodies. Call them human machines if you like.

“No picture shows at night, ten hours of good sleep in fresh air, regular eating, *the milk habit* with fruit and fresh vegetables, clean bodies and clean clothes, are rules of the health game that you have learned. And we have not forgotten that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

“More and more of the Golden Rule in your work and play is a rule of the happiness game that you are beginning to learn. You too often forget to practise the rules of this game that you know.

“Good health makes the happiness game easier, and happiness makes the health game easier. The two games need to be played together. I want you to take pride in playing the double game according to the rules of both.”

“Oscar does not look like the same boy,” said Sarah. “And he almost never says *hain’t*, *git* and *I seen*.”

Oscar smiled bashfully. He had tried very hard to please Sarah and Jonathan.

“Oscar has not yet reached normal weight,” said Miss Justright. “He goes to the table three times a day, but he does not take his half-hour rest after school.”

“Oh, that is too much like a girl,” said Oscar. But his tone was pleasant.

“My father says they never played health games and happiness games when he went to school,” said William.

“Mother says our game has been a great adventure for her,” said Margery.

“Daddy says he gets as much fun out of it as I do,” said Jerry.

WHAT MAKES CHILDREN GROW?

“My father says that children need *vitamins* to make them grow properly,” said Tom. He pronounced the three syllables of the word carefully. The first syllable rhymes with eye, and the last syllable rhymes with pins. He placed the accent on the first syllable.

“What are vitamins?” asked Jerry. “My daddy never told me about vitamins.”

“I will ask my father,” said Helen.

"I do not know what vitamins are, Jerry," Miss Justright confessed. "What does your father say, Tom?"

"Oh, he says no one knows yet just what vitamins are," said Tom. "But people are learning more about them every day. I think nobody has ever seen one, but food experts have found out what they do."

"Daddy says that vitamins are something in certain kinds of foods that keeps children well and makes them grow. He has made experiments on animals and on children in hospitals. Sometimes he experiments a little on me, but mother does not like that."

"Men and women who have made careful experiments and learned a great deal about what foods children need to keep them well and make them grow are sometimes called food experts," Miss Justright explained.

"Such men and women do for us what we can not do for ourselves, and we should be thankful to them for what they do for us. Good health makes us better citizens than we could be without it."

"A good citizen shares his good things with his fellow-citizens. When Tom and his father bring

us helpful messages, they are doing the work of good citizens.

“Tom has a message from his father to-day that will tell us what children need to eat to give them good appetites, strong muscles, and healthy bones. Are you ready to read your message, Tom?”

“My father thought I had better learn this message by heart and tell it,” said Tom. “He said then I could talk right into my listeners’ eyes as well as into their ears. He thought maybe that would make them remember it better. Do you care if I tell it instead of read it? I have a few notes to help me out if I forget.”

“Fine!” said Miss Justright. “That will be a real lecture.”

TOM’S VITAMIN STORY

“Vitamins are found in milk, in cream, butter, eggs, greens, fresh vegetables and in different kinds of fruit.

“Vitamin A is supposed to be a bone builder. It is found in whole milk, in cream, butter, and the yolk of egg. Greens, carrots, cabbages, and some other things have it too.

"My father says that children who do not eat some of the foods which contain this vitamin will not have good strong bones. They will be malnourished, and may have eye trouble and rickets.

"Rickets is an ugly mal-nutrition disease. Children who have it have bad bones. Their heads sometimes grow too big, and their spines curve. Their legs grow crooked because they are not strong enough to bear the weight of their bodies.

"Vitamin B is thought to be an appetizer. It makes the mouth water, and that is good for the digestion. This vitamin is found in string beans, in carrots, cauliflower, dandelion greens, lettuce, peas. Irish potatoes and sweet potatoes have it, and it is found in apples, bananas, and tomatoes. Egg yolk and milk have it, and so have lean meat, heart, liver, kidneys and sweetbreads. Sweetbread is not a cake, you know. It is a kind of meat that comes from the inside of a calf. Vitamin B is found in yeast, and so you get it when you eat yeast bread."

Tom studied his notes.

"Vitamin C is found in milk, in oranges, lemons, grapefruit, tomatoes, and in some fresh vegetables. Many of these vegetables do not need to be cooked,

but cooking does not spoil them. Daddy says greens and salads ought to be a part of everybody's diet."

"In canning time my mother gets ready a can of beans and a can of greens for every week of the year," said Mary.

"Milk, fruit, and the leafy vegetables should be eaten freely all the year," Tom went on. "Fruits are good for their mineral salts. The sugar in them helps build energy. They taste good, and they make our kidneys and bowels act in a way that is good for us.

"Vitamin D is more of a stranger to the food experts than the other three. Food experts have found out that it acts a good deal like Vitamin A, and a great deal of it has been found in cod liver oil.

"Some things contain more than one kind of vitamin, and some vitamins are found in more than one kind of food. Only a little vitamin has been found in meat. I suppose that means children do not need much meat in their diet. All the vitamins are found in milk, and that is why we should drink our quart a day.

"My father says our bodies are more like automobiles than like Frank's father's steam engine.

He thinks that vitamins are something like the spark plug in his roadster. You know a gasoline engine will not run without the ignition spark. I think that is all."

"Wasn't that a fine lecture? I think Tom is more interesting than his father," said Sarah.

"Nearly all the things with vitamins in them grow in gardens," said Ned. "I have helped raise a good many of them."

"That is the best part of the vitamin story, Ned," said Miss Justright. "You can help make grow the very things that make you grow. Perhaps that is why your father has taught you to work in the home garden."

"I have helped raise them and have eaten them and never knew it," said Leonard.

"Everybody needs vitamins, and everybody can have them," said Miss Justright. "Even boys and girls like you can have little gardens and raise vegetables for the family."

"Think of beautiful red-ripe tomatoes, full of vitamins, ready to eat when you bring them in from the garden. Of course they must be washed first. And carrots, almost as bright as oranges, full of vitamins, can be eaten cooked or raw."

"And beans that climb in the night, like Jack's wonderful stalk," said Ethel.

"And peas like the Five-that-lived-in-a-Pod," said Helen.

"I wish I could have a vitamin garden," said Ezra. "We have no outdoors. We just have rooms."

"I wonder why we couldn't have a school garden," said Jonathan. "Then everybody could raise vitamin things."

"Ned and Leonard are the only ones who know how to raise things," said Margery.

"The United States Bureau of Education will send you leaflets that will show you how to make a school garden," said Miss Justright.

"May we have one?" they all asked.

"We can try it," Miss Justright smiled as the hand clap made her cover her ears.

COOKS MUST HELP PLAY THE HEALTH GAME

"Mother says every meal should have a little fuel food, a little building food, and a little protective food," said Mary.

"Tom has told us more than once that his father says we must balance our diet," said Miss Just-

right. "That means we must eat enough fuel food to keep us warm and make us enjoy work as well as our play, and we must eat enough building food to keep us growing properly. And we must never forget that we must have enough protective foods to help our foods digest, and our bodies to throw off their waste matter."

"That is a good many *musts*," said Bruce.

"The health game has many *musts*," said Miss Justright. "They are a part of the rules of the game. I had a pleasant visit with Mary's mother at her cafeteria, yesterday after school.

"We all like to eat our lunches and dinners there, because Mrs. Purveyor has learned how to give us such good meals for such a small price. She makes her foods look so tempting that they fairly make our mouths water, and we have learned that is good for digestion.

"Many people do not know how to balance their diet. They make a whole meal of building foods. Others eat only fuel foods, and then they wonder why they feel hungry after they have finished. A balanced meal leaves us with our hunger satisfied.

"Mrs. Purveyor and I made up some menus for children that you may take home with you. They



The children raise vitamins in the school garden.

will help your mothers decide what to get for dinner. We have put into each one some fuel food, some building food, and some regulating food."

"Will they be good for our fathers and mothers too?" asked Henry.

"Yes, indeed. All the foods on these cards are just as good for adults as for children. But adults may safely eat some things which children do not need. That is why we make special menus for children.

"Meat comes only a few times a week in our children's menus, while adults may eat meat every day if they like, though not more than once a day. Do you remember that Tom told us meat does not contain much vitamin, which children need to make them grow?"

"What is a menu?" Lifscha asked.

"A menu is a list of foods prepared for a meal."

"What are adults?" asked Paul.

"Adults are grown-up people, like your father and mother. Many adults eat no more meat than children. They will not need meat often if they drink a quart of milk every day and eat fresh vegetables which contain vitamins.

"You will never see tea or coffee on Mrs. Pur-

veyor's menus for children. Coffee and tea are not children's beverages. If children drink them and eat highly seasoned food, they soon become malnourished and nervous.

"Tea, coffee, and high seasonings are stimulants. They do not satisfy the appetite, but make people want more. Sometimes they make people crave stronger stimulants, like cigarettes, or alcohol. You will always find vitamin foods on Mrs. Purveyor's menus for children, but no stimulants."

"Daddy and mother drink coffee," said Edna.

"Didn't she say that adults may safely take some things that are not good for children?" asked Frederic.

WHAT BEVERAGES SHALL WE DRINK?

"What is a beverage?" asked Bruce.

"A beverage is a drink which is taken to quench thirst, but has little or no food value. Milk is not a beverage, it is a food. It should not be taken merely to quench thirst. Ice-cream soda is not a beverage. It is a food, and it should not be eaten between meals. It should be eaten only for dessert at the end of a meal.

"Tea and coffee are stimulating beverages. You know that children never should drink them. Bottle drinks, like pink pop, and other such things, are beverages. They are sweetened water with a little coloring matter and a gas that makes them—"

"Fizz," said Jimmy.

"Pop makes me more thirsty," said Ned.

"Few of these bottle beverages relieve thirst. As Ned says, they often increase it. Drinks that are sold by the glass on the street are often dirty. They should be avoided. No colored drinks should be bought, for their coloring matter is often dangerous. Water is the only thing in these beverages that has power to quench thirst."

"A glass of clear cool water is the best of all drinks for us. Besides relieving our thirst, it is one of the mineral regulators that we can not do without. None of us could live without water. Everybody should drink at least four glasses a day. More if the weather is hot and the body perspiring."

"We must not drink it at the table, must we?" said Margery.

"Yes. You may drink water before meals, between courses at meals, and between meals. But you must not wash down your food. That must be

chewed as long as it tastes and then let slip down the throat.

“Instead of buying colored water on the street, it is much better and cheaper to buy fruit and sugar and make beverages at home. Then all the family can share them, and we can be sure the water is clean.

“Oranges, lemons, and grapes will give us genuine fruit juices and make refreshing drinks. They must not be taken too cold, or too much at one time. The best part of all will be sharing them with all the family.”

“We can’t afford oranges and lemons and grapes,” said Oscar.

“One movie ticket will sometimes buy enough oranges or lemons to make a fine fruit beverage for a whole family for several days. Since you no longer go to movies on school days, why not use a part of the money you are saving and buy fruit?”

“How about dandelion wine and near beer?” asked Oscar.

“Wine and beer contain alcohol. Even dandelion wine and near beer have it. Alcohol injures adults as well as children. It should never be used except as medicine or a chemical. If you want

dandelion, why not eat it as a salad or greens? It is a fine vitamin plant and has rich food value.

“There is another reason why alcoholic beverages should never be used by any one. Our law prohibits the making of them and the sale of them. People who disobey the law are not good citizens.

“There is still another reason. Alcoholic beverages which are made now are often deadly poison. Many people have been blinded, paralyzed, or killed outright by drinking them. Sensible people avoid these deadly alcoholic poisons.”

Can you pronounce these words? See how soon you can become well acquainted with them.

| | |
|---------------|----------------|
| al co hol ic | stim u lant |
| pro hib it ed | stim u late |
| par a lyzed | stim u lat ing |
| bev er age | menu |

Do you sometimes eat in a cafeteria? Can you pronounce the word easily?

MENUS FOR YOUR MOTHERS

SUMMER

Sunday

Breakfast

Fresh or stewed fruit, oatmeal with milk, bread and butter, milk to drink.

Dinner

Chicken with rice, mashed potatoes, dandelion greens, or boiled onions. Bread and butter. Milk to drink. Ice-cream.

Supper or Lunch

Spinach soup with milk. Corn bread and sirup. Cottage cheese. Ginger cookies.

*Monday**Breakfast*

Force or corn flakes with milk, soft-boiled egg. Brown bread and butter. Milk to drink.

Dinner

Lamb stew with vegetables, or warmed-over chicken, squash or string beans. Bread and butter. Cornstarch pudding.

Supper or Lunch

Creamed potatoes. Brown bread and butter. Stewed prunes. Milk to drink.

*Tuesday**Breakfast*

Hominy with milk. Toast and butter. Baked banana. Milk to drink.

Dinner

Bacon one slice, poached egg. Spinach, spaghetti with tomatoes. Bread and butter.

Supper or Lunch

Corn flakes. Puree of lima beans. Bread and butter. Ginger cookies.

Wednesday

Breakfast

Corn meal mush. Toast and butter. Baked banana. Milk to drink.

Dinner

Hamburg steak, boiled potato, new beets and beet-top greens. Bread and butter. Rice pudding.

Supper or Lunch

Milk toast. Baked potato. Bread and butter. Milk to drink. Fresh or stewed fruit.

Thursday

Breakfast

Oatmeal with milk. Corn bread and butter. Apple sauce or stewed pears. Milk to drink.

Dinner

Fish chowder. New beets. Boiled potato. Bread and butter. Custard or junket.

Supper or Lunch

Shredded wheat with milk, squash or chard. Stewed fruit. Bread and butter. Milk to drink. Plain cookies.

Friday

Breakfast

Force or corn flakes. Corn bread and butter. Milk to drink.

Dinner

Fish with tomato sauce. String beans. Bread and butter. Apple sauce.

Supper or Lunch

Rice with milk. Brown bread and butter. Ginger cookies. Milk. Custard.

Saturday

Lamb stew or lamb hash, new peas, baked potato. Bread and butter. Apple sauce.

*Any Day**Dinner*

Roast beef, boiled onions, potatoes. Bread. Lettuce and sliced tomatoes. Peach pie.

Or

Meat cakes. Creamed potatoes. String beans. Bread. Fruit in season, or canned fruit.

Or

Baked ham, or beef stew. Macaroni with tomatoes. Custard.

Or

Meat pie, greens. Bread and butter. Ice-cream or fruit sherbet.

WINTER

*Sunday**Breakfast*

Force or corn flakes. Bread and butter. Bacon. Milk to drink.

Dinner

Chicken or lamb stew, mashed potato, creamed carrots or onions. Bread and butter, ginger bread. Milk to drink.

Supper or Lunch

Milk toast. Cottage cheese. Stewed prunes with lemon juice. Cookies.

Monday

Breakfast

Oatmeal with milk. Bread and butter. Baked apple. Milk to drink.

Dinner

Roast lamb, baked potato, beets, onions or oyster plant. Bread and butter. Rice pudding.

Supper or Lunch

Scrambled egg. Bread and butter. Oatmeal cookies. Milk to drink.

Tuesday

Breakfast

Hominy with milk. Bread and butter. Bacon. Cocoa with milk.

Dinner

Vegetable soup, with carrots, beans, onions, spinach. Poached egg, corn bread and butter, dates.

Supper or Lunch

Baked potato. Bread and butter. Stewed apricots or peaches. Cottage cheese.

Wednesday

Breakfast

Corn meal mush with milk. Toast and butter. Orange. Milk to drink.

Dinner

Rice and meat loaf. Stewed tomatoes. Bread and butter. Baked Indian pudding.

Supper or Lunch

Rice and milk. Creamed carrots or celery. Bread and butter. Cookies.

Thursday

Breakfast

Oatmeal with milk. Bread and butter. Stewed prunes or figs. Cocoa with milk.

Dinner

Beef stew with vegetables. Bread and butter. Rice pudding or custard.

Supper or Lunch

Corn bread and sirup. Macaroni with tomatoes. Fruit. Bread and butter. Cocoa.

Friday

Breakfast

Creamed wheat or malt breakfast food. Bread and butter. Soft egg. Milk.

Dinner

Fish, creamed or boiled. Baked sweet potato. Bread and butter. Baked apple.

Supper or Lunch

Spinach or bean soup. Baked potato. Corn bread and butter. Milk to drink.

Saturday

Breakfast

Corn meal mush with milk. Toast and butter. Orange. Cocoa with milk.

Dinner

Baked beans with tomato. Boiled potato. Bread and butter. Bread or rice pudding.

Supper or Lunch

Celery soup made with milk. Bread and butter. Custard or junket. Ginger cookies.

Any Day

Fish stuffed and baked. Sweet potatoes, greens. Bread and butter. Lemon pie.

Or

Beef stew with turnips, carrots, onions. Dumplings. Bread. Orange custard and nut cookies.

Or

Roast beef. Boiled onions, potatoes. Bread. Apple pudding, steamed or baked.

Or

Meat cakes. Creamed potatoes. Canned string beans. Baked bananas.

Or

Scalloped canned fish. Potatoes, tomatoes, squash. Bread and butter. Strawberry jam.

Or

Warmed over meat or chicken. Potatoes, greens. Cherry pie or canned cherries. Bread and butter.

SPRING

Sunday

Breakfast

Apples, cream of wheat, sugar, milk. Toast, butter, marmalade. Coffee for adults, cocoa for children.

Dinner

Broiled steak, creamed cabbage, mashed potatoes, grapefruit and celery salad. Bread and butter. Vanilla ice-cream. Chocolate sauce.

Supper or Lunch

Tuna fish salad, nut bread, butter. Grape conserve, chocolate, sugar cookies. Milk for children.

Monday

Breakfast

Bananas. Oatmeal, milk. Griddle cakes, butter, sirup. Coffee for adults. Milk or cocoa for children.

Dinner

Stuffed beef heart, glazed sweet potatoes, creamed onions, or buttered beets. Mixed pickles, bread and butter. Tapioca cream. Coffee for adults.

Supper or Lunch

Creamed dried beef, baked potatoes, cold slaw, white muffins, butter. Tea for adults. Milk for children.

Tuesday

Breakfast

Prunes. Cereal, milk and sugar. Bacon or scrambled eggs, toast and butter. Coffee or cocoa for adults. Milk or cocoa for children.

Dinner

Roast pork, gravy, mashed potatoes, sauer kraut or cucumber pickles. Cabbage and beet salad, bread and butter. Lemon pie. (Small piece for children.)

Supper or Lunch

Cream of pea soup with croutons. Scalloped potatoes. Graham muffins, butter. Banana and nut salad.

Wednesday

Breakfast

Oranges. Cream of wheat, milk and sugar. Milk toast. Coffee for adults. Milk or cocoa for children.

Dinner

Roast pork reheated in gravy. Creamed potatoes. Spinach; green onions. Bread and butter. Prune whip with custard sauce.

Supper or Lunch

Cream of potato soup, saltines. Macaroni and cheese. Spiced currants. Bread and butter. Baked apple stuffed with raisins. Cream.

Thursday

Breakfast

Bananas. Oatmeal, milk, sugar. Waffles, sirup.
Coffee for adults. Cocoa or milk for children.

Dinner

Meat pie, creamed onions, buttered turnips, radishes. Bread and butter. Cherry pudding.

Supper or Lunch

Baked beans, cold slaw, catsup. Cornmeal muffins, butter. Milk to drink. Canned peaches, cream.

Friday

Breakfast

Prunes. Cereal with milk and sugar. Creamed eggs on toast. Butter. Coffee for adults. Cocoa or milk for children.

Dinner

Salmon croquettes with creamed peas. Mashed potatoes, spinach. Bread and butter. Olives. Apple tapioca with cream.

Supper or Lunch

Fish chowder. Spaghetti and tomatoes. Rhubarb sauce. Bread and butter.

Saturday

Breakfast

Apples. Cream of wheat with milk and sugar. Buttered toast. Sausage.

Dinner

Broiled ham, with milk gravy. Baked potatoes. Creamed lima beans, celery, bread and butter. Pineapple sauce.

Supper or Lunch

Vegetable soup, saltines. Scalloped corn, green onions. Bread and butter. Banana and nut salad.

FALL

Dinner

Veal cutlets. Mashed potatoes, creamed celery, stewed tomatoes. Current jelly. Bread and butter. Milk to drink. Date pudding with whipped cream.

Supper or Lunch

Oyster stew, crackers. Sandwiches (peanut butter, cheese and date, or lettuce). Celery. Cocoanut cake. Chocolate.

Dinner

Mutton chops, mashed potatoes, buttered beets, tomato relish, creamed celery. Bread and butter. Fruit jello with whipped cream.

Supper or Lunch

Corn chowder. Mexican beans with cabbage and nut salad. Bread and butter, carrot marmalade. Milk for children. Tea for adults.

Dinner

Baked ham, sweet potatoes, creamed cauliflower, or spinach. Cranberry jelly. Bread and butter. Vanilla ice-cream.

Supper or Lunch

Soft boiled eggs, bread and butter. Banana and nut salad, cheese crackers. Chocolate, cocoanut cake (small piece for children).

Thanksgiving or Christmas Dinner

I

Clear soup, bread sticks. Roast chicken, stuffing, giblet gravy, mashed potatoes, buttered asparagus. Parker House rolls, butter, cranberry sauce. Olives, pumpkin pie, fruit, mixed nuts.

II

Roast chicken, stuffing, giblet gravy, mashed potatoes, creamed onions. Parker House rolls, butter, cranberry jelly. Sweet pickles, mince pie, cider.

III

Roast turkey, oyster stuffing, giblet gravy, mashed potatoes, creamed Brussels sprouts. Parker House rolls, butter, olives, celery. Pumpkin pie.

The summer and winter menus were compiled from government bulletins issued by the Bureau of Education and the Department of Agriculture.

The spring and fall menus were taken by permission of Dr. E. V. McCollum and his publisher, Frederic C. Matthews Company, from *The American Home Diet*, by McCollum and Symmonds.

It must be remembered that if children are supplied with a liberal ration of milk it will take the place, in part, of meat dishes, of cheese, and of egg dishes. Bread and milk may well take the place

of meat at many meals. When meat is served to children it should be given only in small portions.

The following rations are about what should be served to children at a meal:

Bread and butter or toast and butter, 2 to 3 slices.

Cereals, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup.

Vegetables, 2 to 3 tablespoonfuls.

Soups, 1 cup. Cocoa, 1 cup. Milk, 1 glass.

Meat, $\frac{1}{2}$ an adult ration.

Stewed fruits, 2 to 4 tablespoonfuls. Pie, small piece.

The foods in the bills of fare given are merely suggestive of the ways to combine the different food families in the diet. The suggested foods may be replaced by others, but care must be taken to keep the diet balanced. Only building foods should replace building foods, and fuel foods should take the place of fuel foods. Hashed meat or fish, on toast, may be used instead of cereal for an adult's breakfast, and a green salad may be substituted for sliced fruit.

It is important that foods containing mineral substances should be given their proper place in the family diet. Vegetables and fruits supply this necessary mineral matter. They are needed also for their flavor, for their bulk, and for the vitamins

which are now believed to be necessary for the growth of children and for maintaining the health of adults.

Spinach, lettuce, kale, cabbage, the green tops of turnips, of beets, and of radishes, are valuable for their content of vitamin A. Spinach is also rich in iron. Nearly all the vegetables and fruits are thought to contain some vitamin B. Lemons, oranges, grapefruit, and tomatoes are especially rich in vitamin C. Cabbage, turnips, and white potatoes, also contain large amounts of this vitamin.

Some of the vitamins are destroyed or damaged by cooking. For this reason, it is wise for the house-keeper to use regularly some uncooked fruit or tomatoes, and green-leaf vegetables. Canned and dried fruits and vegetables, though economical and convenient, can not take the place of green vegetables and fresh fruit. Tomato juice, because of its vitamins, adds to the food values of gravies, soups, and sauces. For the same reason, lemon juice added to sliced bananas and to stewed prunes and other dried fruits adds to their food values.

VI

RULES OF THE GAME: GOOD HEALTH HABITS THE FOURTH RULE

A HEALTH-HABITS ROUND TABLE

“Henry knows a story about a king named Arthur,” said Paul. “May he tell it?”

“Ah, Jonathan told me that story. He can tell it better than I can,” said Henry bashfully.

“No, Miss Justright,” said Jonathan earnestly. “Henry is bashful, but he is a good story teller.”

“Story, story! Henry, Henry!” the children chanted, and with a very red face, Henry began.

THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR

“Once upon a time, in a country across the sea, there was a king named Arthur. In those days men were very restless and wanted to fight. They liked to go out and look for adventures.

“King Arthur loved adventures too, and he always came through them safely. Many of these restless men followed him and learned to love him dearly. These followers were called knights.

“King Arthur’s knights kept as close to him as they could. When he gave a feast for them they all wanted to sit near him at the head of the table.

“Often the knights who sat away down at the foot of the table felt jealous of those who sat near the king at the head. So King Arthur had a great round table, with a marble top, made for his feasts with his knights. Sometimes the king sat on one side and sometimes on the other. He moved around so all the knights could have a chance to sit by him once in a while. His followers came to be called The Knights of the Round Table.

“Jonathan has a book full of stories about King Arthur and his knights. I wish I could be a Round Table knight and look for adventures with a fine king like Arthur.”

The children’s hand clap made Henry glad he tried to tell the story.

“We have been fighting bad habits in our adventures,” said Miss Justright. “Suppose we talk about them to-day.”

"May we place our chairs in a circle and play we have a Round Table like Arthur's?" said Helen.

"A Round Table it shall be, Helen. Oscar, you and Jimmy may arrange the chairs. The rest of you may be thinking of some question you would like to ask. Then we will talk about it. Who shall begin? Shall we count out?"

"Let Sarah count out. She makes so many rhymes," said the boys.

"One-ry, ory, two-ry ty," Sarah was always ready. "Three-ry, four-y, five-ry fy. One of us, none of us. Each of us, all of us. All of us, each of us. You and you and YOU! You are IT." The finger pointed to Fritzina.

WHY DO WE HAVE "BAD COLDS"?

"My mother wonders why I have not had any bad colds this winter," Fritzina burst out as if she had been waiting to ask the question. "Last winter I coughed nearly all the time."

"We all coughed last winter," said Frank. "Sometimes we stopped everything and just coughed. Some days we coughed so hard we had to be sent home and only a few were left in school."

"Did you wear your overshoes in school?"

“Yes. Miss White told us to take them off, but she did not notice when we didn’t,” said Ina.

“And you disobeyed because your teacher was busy? Sweaters too?”

“Yes, and the room would get so hot we had to take them off and open all the windows,” said Ina. “Then we would nearly freeze. We would put on our wraps, and Miss White would close the windows. Then we would get too warm.”

“Did you sometimes stay in at recess because the weather was cold?”

“Yes, Miss Justright.” The chorus carried more than half the voices.

How DOES FRESH AIR PREVENT COLDS?

“Colds are germ diseases, aren’t they?” Esther asked.

“Yes. Cold germs fairly swarm in hot stuffy air. They hate fresh air and sunlight. Do you begin to understand why *all* of you must wrap up and go out at recess, even in cold weather, if it is not storming?”

“We must breathe fresh outdoor air and ventilate our clothes, and skins,” said Ethel.

“But sometimes we are not very well,” said Edna.

“If a child is not able to go out into the fresh air with his wraps on, he is sick,” said Miss Just-right. “Our school law says every sick child must be sent home.

“None of you wanted to be sent home, so you stopped asking to stay in. The fresh air and good sport killed your cold germs and cured your colds when you had them. With your lungs full of fine fresh air, you will nearly always be able to resist cold germs and other disease germs too.

“While you are outdoors enjoying your games, the windows are opened, and all the germs in the school-room air are chased out by the fresh breeze from the outside. *It is not cold air that gives us colds but foul, germ-filled air.*

“We don’t get too cold or too hot any more,” said Jean. “We are always just about comfortable.”

“When the room becomes uncomfortably warm and the air unwholesome, we open the windows. But when the windows are open, we have a game that keeps you in motion. Your game keeps your bodies warm while the breeze blows out the bad air.

“If the room gets too cold, we have marching, stamping and clapping games that warm your

bodies and rest your minds. The fresh air and exercise make you forget yourselves, and you are ready for work again."

"You said the open basin of water on the radiator would help prevent colds," said Henry.

"Yes, and it has helped. One of you has filled it every day. Many of you have remembered to do the same thing at home. When the air becomes too dry, the lining of the nose and mouth feel parched and raw. The warm water on the radiator helps keep the air moist."

"The moist air makes it difficult for the bacteria to work on their 'highway,' doesn't it?" said Helen.

"Our mothers have talked about these things at the Parent-Teacher Club," said Margery. "Mother and daddy talk about them at the table. They both keep after my breathing."

"When we first talked about cleanliness, we talked about clean air. You promised to sleep with open windows and get as much pure air as possible. You agreed to hang your night clothes where the fresh morning air would reach them. And you promised to give your bedding fresh air and sunlight."

“My bedroom has no sunny window,” said Edna, “but I carry my bedding out to the sunlight.”

“Mother moved my bed into a sunny room,” said Ruth.

DO-ITS

Do you sleep with open windows?

Do you air your night clothes in day-time and your day clothes at night?

Do you give your bedding daily air baths?

Do you play in the open air at recess till your body is warm?

Do you go to the toilet every recess and empty your body waste water?

Do you go to the fountain and get fresh water in place of the waste?

Do all these things.

DON'TS

Do you tease to stay indoors at recess?

Do you forget to go to the toilet at recess?

Do you forget to air your bedding?

Don't do any of these things.

How Do CORRECT FOOD HABITS HELP TO PREVENT COLDS?

"Do you like fried potatoes, Miss Justright?" Alice asked. "Mother likes them, and we have them nearly every day, but father says they feel like bullets in his stomach."

"Yes, I like fried potatoes," Miss Justright confessed, "but I do not like grease-soaked potatoes. For any frying, the fat must be hot enough to brown the food quickly, but not hot enough to burn it.

"This will make a crisp, rusty-brown crust. It will prevent the fat from soaking into the food. But frying is not the best way to cook any food. Broiling, boiling, or baking is better. Potatoes are best boiled in their jackets, or baked."

"I am glad you said what you did about the movie tickets and oranges," said Oscar. "I told dad and mother. Mother said she was sure you were right. Dad said he would think about it, and we got the oranges."

"Are they better than gum-drops or pink pop?" Miss Justright smiled.

Oscar's smile showed how much better he thought they were.

"When I eat all the oatmeal mother makes me eat, I can't eat anything else," said Frank.

"Why eat your oatmeal first? Try eating your fruit, your egg, or some other food before your oatmeal. Your portion of cereal should furnish one-fourth of your breakfast calories. It does not take the place of your fruit. Oranges, apples, grapefruit, bananas, tomatoes, all are good breakfast fruits. All will give you vitamins which you need to make you grow. Eat a hearty breakfast before you start to school."

"Mother makes us eat a thin soup for luncheon and dinner every day," said Ned. "When I ask her why she just says, 'Oh, because it is good for you.' Why is thin soup good for us, Miss Just-right? And why must we wait till the very last for our dessert when we want it first?"

"There is not very much food in clear soups, but it is thought that they help to give a good start to digestion. Besides, if you go to the table very hungry and begin at once on baked beans, macaroni and cheese, beef and potatoes, or lamb chop and peas, you are likely to eat too fast and too

much. The light soup takes the sharp edge off your appetite, and you will eat more slowly.

“You can then enjoy the stories told by the other members of the family and do your share to make the meal pleasant. This will be good for digestion. A happy time at table helps digest the food. To eat your sweet dessert first would give you less appetite for the building part of your meal.”

“Mother thinks soup is all we need for lunch,” said Ruth.

“A thick soup with some milk, vegetables, or bits of meat in it, may furnish a large part of dinner or supper. But there must be milk, fruit, and bread and butter enough to bring the meal up to the proper number of calories.”

“Must we think all the time about calories, calories, calories?” Leonard asked.

“Not at all,” said Miss Justright. “When we are perfectly well, and have *right food habits*, we may safely forget our calories. Just as well-bred people may forget about politeness rules. A healthy appetite, *right habits*, and the hunger alarm will be the best reminders.

“But under-weights must respect their calories.

And over-weights too. If we begin at the right end of the meal, we are not likely to over eat."

"Mother says I must chew my food as long as it tastes," said Mary.

"Daddy says we must never wash down our food with any drink, but chew it till it slips down the throat," said Frederic.

"Miss Justright told us that too," said Oscar.

"If we know about calories, and weights, and measures, we will not tease our mothers for more than we ought to eat," said Sarah.

"My brother Jim was under weight till he was fourteen years old," said Leonard, "and he is all right now. Mother says Dan was slimmer than I am when he was my age, and he has nearly out-grown his under-weight."

"But your mother told me that your brothers are not very strong. If their mal-nourishment had been corrected sooner, perhaps they would be stronger now."

"My father told me about a boy who was over-grown and under weight," said Frederic. "He blistered his foot, and it became infected with a deadly germ. The doctors said no medicine known to man could control that germ. They said only

a strong constitution could fight it successfully. But the boy was frail. He had no resistance, and so he died."

"I am glad you brought that message from your father, Frederic. An under-weight has little resistance. When a poison germ gets into such a body, it has everything its own way.

"Infection needs a strong, sturdy constitution to fight it. The best way to fight poison bacteria is to build up strong resistance. The best way to build strong resistance is to build right health habits."

"My father says Theodore Roosevelt died in the prime of life because he had not enough resistance to fight infection," said Frederic. "He thinks there may have been some weakness that was caused by his puny childhood."

"A child who has been under weight all through childhood may 'catch up' in weight later," said Miss Justright. "But it is not at all certain that he will be as strong an adult as if he had grown steadily through childhood."

"When you go into a pig club, you have to know exactly how to feed pigs," said Leonard. "A pig has to gain just right every day."

"Your pig can not think, Leonard. It must take the food you give it without wondering why. But boys and girls who can think must learn to choose the right foods and clothing, and they must form habits that will help to keep them well and make



A pig-club boy must learn how to choose the right foods for himself. them grow. Isn't it as important for boys and girls to grow steadily as for pigs?"

"Did giving up coffee and tea help us to keep from taking cold?" Robert asked.

"Yes. Coffee and tea, pickles and colored drinks, candy between meals and too much ice-cream soda,

all did much to make you unable to resist cold germs and other disease germs.

“Your food habits have improved. At first, some of you came to school without breakfast. Then we had to give you bread and milk so you could start the day right.

“Now, nearly all your parents tell me that you eat a hearty, balanced breakfast. You no longer come to school empty, fretful and peevish, but ready for work and play.

“Some of you slept so late you had to eat too fast in order to get to school in time. You came in out of breath, too tired to digest what you had eaten.

“By getting up a little earlier, you are able to take plenty of time for breakfast. You can take your milk or cocoa a sip at a time, instead of taking it all at one swallow. It no longer sours in your stomach, but makes you feel well-fed and comfortable.”

“Isaac doesn’t look well-fed and comfortable,” said Margery. “I beg your pardon for the personal remark, Isaac.”

“My mother lets me eat what I want whenever I want it,” said Isaac.

"Who has to stay out of school nearly every Monday because he over-eats on Sunday?" asked Jerry. "That is not a personal remark. It is just a question."

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away," said Ina.

"Tom has another message from his father," said Miss Justright. "Do you read it to-day, Tom, or talk into your listeners' eyes?"

"My father thinks I had better learn to talk straight at people. He said I might call this talk:

HOW CAN WE KEEP THE DOCTOR AWAY?

"It takes more than an apple a day. But a quart of fresh milk with fruit and fresh vegetables will help us to have regular bowel habits and kidney habits. This will keep us clean inside, and then we shall not need the doctor often."

"A quart a day seems a lot," said Ezra. "We get only a pint for all of us. Sometimes I feel as if I could drink a whole gallon."

"It is better for any family to cut down its meat ration than to skimp in the use of milk," said Tom, after looking at his notes. "In cities where people

do not use much milk, there is a great deal of *tuberculosis*. Not many of the milk users have this terrible disease.



The cow is the children's best friend.

"In tuberculosis sanatoriums, milk is the principal food given to patients. Fresh milk, fresh air, cleanliness, and plenty of rest is the treatment to

cure tuberculosis. It is the best treatment to prevent it.

“The Chinese and the Japanese are not milk users. They use the leaves of plants for their protective foods. They do not grow as tall and strong as our people of North America and the people of Europe. The people of Europe use much milk and other dairy foods, as we do.

“Grown-up people—I ought to say adults—need protective foods as much as children. Foods that will make children grow will keep adults well. Milk is the greatest of all protective foods. My father thinks everybody should drink milk every day. *The cow is the children's best friend.*”

DO-ITS

Do you drink a quart of milk every day? Do you take your milk a sip at a time?

Do you eat protective vegetables and fruit?

Do you chew your food as long as it tastes?

Do you eat your potato boiled in its jacket or baked?

Do you try to build up a body strong enough to resist poison bacteria?

Do all these things.

DON'TS

Do you sleep too late to eat your breakfast before you go to school?

Do you go to table tired or cross?

Do you tease for dessert first?

Do you eat grease-soaked foods?

Don't do any of these things.

How DOES CORRECT CLOTHING HELP TO PREVENT COLDS?

“Mother says she likes the talks about children’s school clothes better than anything else at the Parent-Teacher Club,” said Margery.

“Miss Justright, you didn’t tell us why we must not wear our sweaters and rubbers in school,” said Ina. “It is so much trouble to take them off.”

“Oh, she did, she did, she did!” half a dozen children spoke at once. “She told us why when she said we must leave them in the cloak room.”

“I am sorry to say Ina is not my very best listener. When we talked about the skin, we learned that our bodies are perspiring all the time. *Rubbers keep the feet damp with perspiration which has no chance to evaporate.*”

"Mother says they hold the poison waste matter next to our skin. Then the skin sucks it back into our bodies," said Esther, "and the blood carries it over our bodies. Sometimes this makes us sick."

"Damp feet are easily chilled," said Miss Just-right. "Cold feet are very uncomfortable and unwholesome. Rubbers must be worn only to keep our feet dry when the weather is rainy or snowy. *They must always be taken off in the house.*

"Sweaters in the house over-heat the body and increase perspiration. *Damp bodies are easily chilled.* Sweaters must be worn only when you need to keep the body heat inside. They must be taken off in the house.

"Can you see why I said sweaters and rubbers must not be worn in school?

"Here are the rules for children's school clothing which your mothers agreed upon:

"1. Thin cotton clothing for girls and boys for warm weather. Cotton clothes are cheaper and more easily kept clean than silk or wool. They are more comfortable in summer.

"2. Cotton dresses for girls, and cotton waists for boys in winter, because they are more easily washed.

“3. Woolen stockings for winter, because they are porous and allow the perspiration to escape. But they hold the animal heat and keep the feet warm.

“4. Strong woolen wraps for everybody in cold weather before going out into the cold air.

“5. Strong, thick-soled shoes for everybody, with rubbers only when they are needed.”

How Do HIGH CHESTS AND STRAIGHT BACKS HELP TO PREVENT COLDS?

“Miss Justright, why don’t you ever scold us for not sitting up straight?” Edna asked. “Miss White always did.”

“That is an unkind personal remark about some one who is not here to speak for herself,” said Miss Justright.

“I did not mean to be unkind,” said Edna.

“Now I will answer your question. First, I think scolding is bad taste. Second, I am sure scolding never lifted hollow chests or straightened crooked backs.”

“But we do sit straight, don’t we, Miss Justright?” said Henry. “Every time our principal

comes in, she says, 'What fine high chests and straight backs!'"

"Yes, I am proud of your posture, and you all seem proud of your good figures. Most of you carried yourselves well when I came here, but some of you made me sorry to look at you."

"Mother talks all the time about my straight back," said Oscar. "Dad is so tickled he thumps me on the back and just roars."

"You all know how much time we took last September to fit your desks to your bodies. *Desks all the same size, and children all different sizes!* Your parents would not let you wear hats, or shoes, or coats that do not fit you. But your desks did not fit you, and you were curling up your bodies to fit your desks. Would scolding have made those desks fit your bodies?"

"I had to stretch out to fit mine," said Robert.

"You now have desks that fit you. You have chairs to rest your bodies when they grow tired in the desks. You do not have to stoop to see your work. Nearly all of you have flesh enough to hold your bones straight. You all have pride in yourselves and in your school. Why should you not have straight backs and high chests?"

“Have our high chests and straight backs helped us to keep from taking cold?” asked Paul.

“Oh, they have helped tremendously! If your chest grows hollow, your lungs are cramped. If your lungs are cramped, they can not take in enough fresh air to purify your blood. If your blood is not kept red and pure, disease germs will make themselves at home in your body.

“Backs grow round because chests cave in. Chests cave in because muscles are not strong enough to hold the bones in proper place. Muscles grow weak because the body is not properly nourished. Bodies are not properly nourished when health rules are not obeyed.”

“Because, and because, and because! It sounds a little like *The House that Jack Built*,” said Leonard.

“But we are learning to play according to the rules of the game, aren’t we?” said Sarah.

“Daddy gave me a good health rule this morning,” said Ethel. “It will help to prevent colds.

“Cover every cough and sneeze,
If you don’t you’ll spread disease.”

DO-ITS

Do you carry your chest high and breathe as deeply as you can?

Do you play the health game according to the rules you know?

Do you cover every cough and sneeze?

Do these things.

DON'TS

Do you sit in a desk that is too large or too small for you?

Don't do it.

OUR HEALTH HABITS CODE

FRESH AIR

I will not be afraid of cold air and will sleep with open windows.

I will work and play outdoors whenever I can.

I will take care that my bedding gets fresh air and sunlight often.

I will air my day clothes at night and my night clothes in daytime.

CORRECT FOOD HABITS

I will drink a quart of milk every day if I can get it.

I will eat some fresh vegetables and fruit every day if I can get them.

I will drink four glasses of water every day. More when the weather is hot. I will take this water between meals and between courses.

I will not wash down my food, but chew it till it slips down my throat.

If I eat lean meat, baked beans, macaroni, and such foods, I will also eat fresh vegetables and fruit, such as spinach, carrots, lettuce, apples, oranges.

I will, if under weight, eat whatever I need to bring me up to normal weight. And I will take as much rest as I need. If over weight, I will cut down flesh-forming foods.

CORRECT CLOTHING

I will wear thick-soled shoes and woolen stockings to school in winter.

I will wear rubbers only when they are necessary to protect my feet from mud or snow.

I will wear dresses or waists of cotton, because it is cheaper and more easily washed.

I will wear outer wraps of wool because they will keep my body heat from escaping.

I will not tease my mother for clothes that are pretty but not serviceable.

CORRECT POSTURE

I will carry my chest high and take pride in a good figure.

THOUGHT FOR OTHERS

I will not cough or sneeze without covering my mouth.

I will not hawk or clear my throat in the presence of others if I can help it.

VII

RULES OF THE GAME: GOOD EYE CARE AND EAR CARE THE FIFTH RULE

How SHOULD WE TAKE CARE OF OUR EYES?

“I wonder how I should get along if I could not see,” said Jonathan, speaking with his eyes tight shut.

Miss Justright, who seemed to see everything, had been watching him. With closed eyes he felt his pencil, his eraser, and his books. Moving them about, he would feel for them and place them again. She waited to see what he would do next.

“Nearly every week,” he said at last, “a blind man comes to our house to sell brooms. He makes them himself and then goes out and sells them. He says a sniper got him at Château Thierry. We call him Mr. Chat. Of course that is not his name, but he laughs when we call him that.

“He doesn’t expect us to buy a broom every time

he comes, but he likes to visit with us. Mother can't afford to buy one every week, but she always takes one if she has the change. Isn't it funny, Miss Justright, that Mr. Chat can tell which is our house when he can't see?"

"No, J., I should not call it funny that your friend can find your house, even if he is blind. I call it fortunate. He uses his ears and his fingers instead of his eyes. Have you noticed that he stops often, taps the ground with his cane and listens? Perhaps his nose helps him too."

"Yes, he walks right up to the iris border and says, 'Isn't it beautiful this morning?' He can tell which are forget-me-not beds, and which are pinks and asters. Mother says he can smell some things that have no smell."

"What would you do if you were blind, Miss Justright?" said Sarah.

"I am trying to take such good care of my eyes that such a misfortune will never occur. I want you to be as good to your eyes as I try to be to mine."

"I think the eye must be a very intricate machine," said Frederic, who said "intricate" as often as he could.

“Just now, the best you can do is to learn how to take good care of your eyes so that they will last as long as you live.”

“I know a boy that blinded one of his own friends with a flipper,” said Henry.

“I know a boy who threw a light from a piece of glass into the eyes of a little girl and nearly blinded her. He wanted to see her jump.”

“It looks like any boy would have more sense than to do things like that,” said Leonard.

“You can not be too careful in your games to do nothing that could injure your own eyes or the eyes of others,” said Miss Justright.

“That is where we can use the Golden Rule,” said Ethel.

“What does Sarah do to her eyes to make them so bright?” asked Fritzina.

“Oh, I don’t do anything to my eyes, except wash them every morning,” said Sarah. “I keep my own eye cup in the bathroom and use tepid water.”

“Daddy says there are three DON’TS for the eyes,” said Ruth. “Don’t wipe the eyes with a soiled handkerchief or towel. Don’t wipe them with a handkerchief or towel used by anybody else. Don’t rub the eyes with the bare hands.”

"I can give three more," said Esther. "Don't rub the eye if a cinder gets into it, but rub the other eye. Don't read facing the light. Don't read lying down or riding in a car."

"Father says the light must fall on the page over the left shoulder," said Frederic.

"Will you give us a card for all that, Miss Just-right?" said Oscar.

OUR EYE-CARE CODE

I will bathe my eyes with tepid water every morning.

I will use my own eye cup.

I will not wipe my eyes with a soiled towel or handkerchief.

I will not rub my eyes with my bare hand, but will cover my fingers with a clean handkerchief or cloth if I must rub them.

I will not rub my eye if a cinder gets into it, but rub the other eye.

I will not read facing the light, or with a glaring light on the page.

I will not read while lying down, or while riding in a car.

I am thankful for good eyes and will try to keep them always good.

How SHOULD WE TAKE CARE OF OUR EARS?

“Yesterday in the street car I saw a little deaf and dumb girl,” said Jean. “She talked to her mother with her fingers. She had the sharpest eyes, and she watched her mother’s face every minute. If her mother smiled, she would laugh out loud. Oh, so loud! It didn’t sound like laughing though. It sounded kind of—chilly.

“Last night mother and I found a picture of the deaf and dumb alphabet in the dictionary. I learned most of the letters before I went to bed. This morning at breakfast I tried to ask for nearly everything with my fingers. Oh, it was slow!”

“How can the little girl keep out of the way of autos if she can’t hear them honk?” asked Margery.

“She will have to make her eyes do as much of the work of her ears as she can. She must be very careful at all the crossings and look in every direction. Even then, she may meet with accidents. I hope you all will do everything you can to help people who can not hear.”

“I wonder what makes people deaf,” said Jean.

“A cold in the head sometimes makes hearing dull, and so does an inflamed throat. If this dull-

ness of hearing lasts more than a few days, a doctor must be called. If not taken care of, partial deafness may become permanent."

"I know a little girl who was born deaf," said Alice. "She is in a school for deaf children now."

"Some babies are born deaf, and because of their deafness, do not learn to talk. Because of their deafness, they do not know when their tones are harsh. Their voices sound 'chilly,' as Jean said."

"I suppose an ear is another intricate machine," said Leonard.

"Yes, as intricate and interesting as the eye," said Miss Justright. "Just now, the most important thing for you to learn is how to take care of the ear. Ears do not need much done for them. Most of the time they need to be let alone, but of course they must be kept clean.

"Sometimes the ear wax must be taken out. This can be best done by making a soft roll of your wash cloth and working it gently around inside the ear. This will take out as much of the wax as needs to come out. Be very careful when you wash your ears and never push your finger far inside. Pushing the wax back may dull your hearing."

"My father always looks behind my ears after I wash them," said Tom.

"That is a wise thing for fathers and mothers to do," said Miss Justright. "There is a little crease behind the ear which is likely to become sore if you forget to wash it."

"I have ear-ache in the night sometimes," said Edna. "Mother never knows what to do for it."

"I always have ear-ache and sore throat when I



The little deaf girl must talk to her mother with her fingers.

have a bad cold," said Robert. "Once it made me deaf."

"Colds and throat troubles cause most ear troubles. You have learned how to keep from taking cold. Now, remember to play according to the rules of the game. If you abuse your ears, you may become deaf. Never pick your ears with a pin or anything sharp. If you should pierce the ear drum, deafness would surely follow.

"A hot-water bag will often relieve your ear-ache, Edna. If it does not, then a doctor should be called. Sores sometimes come inside the ear and then a doctor must certainly be consulted. Such sores sometimes pierce the ear drum and cause deafness. Breathing through the nose helps to keep your ears healthy. Blow one side of the nose at a time."

OUR EAR-CARE CODE

I will wash my ears inside, outside and behind, every day.

I will try not to take cold, for colds injure both eyes and ears.

I will not pick my ears with a pin or any sharp thing.

I will breathe through my nose, and learn to blow one side at a time.

VIII

RULES OF THE GAME: HELPING OTHERS PLAY THE GAME IS THE SIXTH RULE

HOW CAN WE MAKE OUR NEIGHBORHOOD SAFE FROM FIRE?

“The house next to ours burned down last night,” said Ned. “The baby was playing with a box of matches and scattered them on the floor. Somebody stepped right into them, and the dust mop caught fire. Pff, up it went!

“Everybody began to pitch things out and forgot to turn in an alarm. A man on the street saw the blaze and rushed to the fire box. The old hook and ladder, the fire chief and everybody came in a jiffy, but it was too late. Nothing there to-day but ashes.”

“How many of you know how to turn in an alarm from your fire box?” Miss Justright asked.

“We learned that the first week of school, but we can’t reach the box,” said Henry.

"What will you do if you discover a fire and can not manage the fire box?"

"Telephone Fire Headquarters," said Robert, proud that he remembered.

"What would you do if you should smell escaping gas?"

"Tell mother if she is there," said Esther. "Then open doors and windows and look for the leak with my nose."

"With a candle or lamp?"

"No! Use a flash light if we have one. We must never forget to open doors and windows."

"What must you remember about oil and gasoline?"

"Never leave oil or gasoline uncovered in the house. Both should be kept outside."

"What must you do about lamps?"

"Never use a paper lighter. Never throw burned matches on the floor. Never set a lamp near the edge of a table or anywhere that it might be upset."

"What about waste in dark corners?"

"There must never be any. *Dark corners must be kept CLEAN.*"

"If you practise what you know about fire prevention, your knowledge will become a *habit*. Then

you will be able to do your share to keep down fires in your community.

“If a fire breaks out, keep your wits about you. Don’t destroy property which the firemen might be able to save. Remember firemen are trained for their work. Trust them, and don’t get in their way.”

Three sharp strokes of the fire gong brought the talk to a stop. Quick as a flash the children sprang to their feet and moved with quick, light step in an orderly line to their different exits. Two sharp strokes called Halt! One stroke called them back to their seats.

“Eight seconds,” said Miss Justright, with her watch in her hand.

OUR FIRE-SAFETY CODE

I will never play with matches or scatter them about. I will not use paper lighters.

I will locate the fire box nearest my home and my school and learn how to send in an alarm.

If I discover a fire and can not manage the fire box, I will telephone fire headquarters. I will tell exactly where the fire is.

If I smell escaping gas, I will tell mother, then open windows and doors and look for the leak.

I will never look for a leak with an open flame of any kind. I will use a flash light if I have one.

If I have none, I will use my sense of smell. I will not forget to open doors and windows.

I will never leave oil or gasoline uncovered in the house. I will not use either to kindle fires. I will never play with fire.

I will never set a lamp near the edge of a table or anywhere that it might be knocked over.

I will always obey fire signals to the letter. Then if a fire should come, habit will guide me in the right way.

I will do everything I can to prevent destruction by fire.

HOW CAN WE MAKE OUR NEIGHBORHOOD SAFE FROM DISEASE?

“My daddy wishes every day that he could come to this school,” said Oscar.

“You ought to see where I used to go to school,” said Leonard.

“I wish I could live on a farm. I think it must be nice and clean in the country,” said Henry.

“Clean?” said Leonard, with a funny little grin. “Yes, in some places.”

“We used to live in a little bit of a town close to the woods,” said Henry. “There was a creek on one side, and a field and woods on the other. It looked like the country—always green and cool in summer.

"We had a big garden with beans and tomatoes and an apple tree. But we had some bad neighbors. They put their scraps and dish water into a bucket at the back door. Sometimes it would run over, and then they threw things on the ground. How it would *smell!* Mother kept our scraps covered till daddy could bury them or burn them.

"These neighbors had a rain barrel full of wigglers that turned into mosquitoes. Sometimes their mosquitoes would be so thick on our screen it looked like a black curtain. They would bite us in the night and make big poison lumps on us.

"Their baby took typhoid fever and died, then my little brother died. The doctor said that flies carry fever and other diseases, and mosquitoes carry malaria. Father came here and found a job, then we all came.

"And we found plenty of flies and mosquitoes here. And *garbage dumped on the river bank.* Flies! Great green ones buzzed everywhere, and plenty of black ones too. Daddy said he never smelled anything so bad. He got Tom's father, and Frederic's father, and Jerry's and Helen's and Bill's fathers and a lot of other men and some women to go to the City Hall.

"They called it a mass meeting, and they made the mayor and the city council promise to build an incinerator to burn up the garbage. My father manages the incinerator. Mother says the next thing is to plant trees and flowers on the bank and make it a park."

"May Leonard tell us about his school?" asked Dorothy.

"It wasn't much of a school—only one room." Leonard loved to talk. "The boys helped the teacher carry coal, and the girls swept the floor at noon. Maybe it wasn't dusty! The girls wrote names in the dust, and the boys made pictures.

"We had to go down-hill to get water, and everybody wanted to pass the bucket. Sometimes hats fell in. Two boys had typhoid fever, and my father had the well examined. They fished out a lot of nasty things that had slipped in between the boards around the pump.

"My father made a great fuss, and now we are going to have a fine big consolidated school. We'll have home economics and hot lunches! How would you like that? And agriculture, and fire drills! You won't get me back to town."

"I hope you will try to make your new consoli-

dated school the healthiest in the state," said Miss Justright. "With clean air, clean water, clean play-ground, and a clean house, everything will be



A bubbling fountain replaces the old water bucket.

sanitary. Then you will want clean clothes, clean bodies, and clean minds. With the beautiful country all around you, what more could you want?"

OUR HEALTH-SAFETY CODE

I wish to breathe clean air, and I will do all I can to make clean air for others to breathe.

I will not allow rubbish to lie on the ground to decay. I will never scatter waste paper, food scraps, or other refuse on the streets, in the parks, or on the public highway.

I will not let waste water stand in uncovered buckets, barrels, or in pools in my yard to breed mosquitoes. Mosquitoes breed disease.

I will keep waste food scraps covered and do all I can to keep filth out of my neighborhood. Filth is a breeding-place for flies, and flies carry ugly diseases.

I will report to my teacher and to my parents any impurity I may find in the water at school.

WHAT WOULD MY NEIGHBORHOOD BE IF ALL THE NEIGHBORS WERE JUST LIKE ME?

"I read a story in the New Testament," said Bill. "It is a parable that Jesus told, something like a fable, I think."

“Fables are nearly always stories about animals that think and talk like people,” said Jonathan.

“The man in this parable was supposed to be going from Jerusalem to Jericho. They are two towns in the Old World,” Bill explained. “Thieves attacked this man and took his clothes. Then they beat him and left him by the side of the road, half dead.

“A priest came along. He looked the wounded man over and went across the road without offering to help. Another man, called a Levite, came along. He looked the man over and crossed the street, just like the priest had done. Both the priest and the Levite lived near to the man that was hurt.

“Then a man from Samaria came along. He was called a Samaritan. He went up close enough to see how badly the man was hurt. He bound up his wounds and put him on his horse, or maybe it was a donkey. Jesus called it a beast.

“He took the man to an inn, a kind of hotel, and said to the host, the man who kept the inn, ‘Take care of him. Do for him everything he needs to have done, and I will pay you.’

“Jesus thought the Samaritan was the best neighbor of all, though he lived in another part of the country.”

"What is a neighbor?" asked Lifscha. "We live away out by the canal, and nobody lives very near us. My mother does not yet speak English well, but I teach her, and she is learning. She has nobody to talk to, and she gets very homesick for the Old Country. She has had no visitors but you, Miss Justright. Are you my mother's neighbor?"

"The man who sounded the fire alarm for the people too excited to think for themselves, was a good neighbor to them," said Miss Justright. "When Henry's father helped put an end to the garbage nuisance, he became a good neighbor to everybody in the city. When Leonard's father works for a better school in his county, he makes himself a good neighbor to everybody in the county. *Our neighbor is whoever needs our help.*"

"I'll tell my mother that," said Lifscha.

"If our mothers gave a surprise party for Lifscha's mother, would that make them neighbors?" asked Sarah. "I will talk to mother about it."

"Maybe we could take them out for a ride some evening," said Jonathan. "We took Dorothy and her mother yesterday. Mother likes to be a good neighbor. I am sure she would not like for Lifscha's mother to feel homesick in our country."



The children plant trees for their neighborhood.

"Couldn't we all think of some little neighborly things to do?" asked Ethel.

"If we plant a row of trees in front of our school house, will that make us neighbors of the people who walk past here?" asked Jerry.

"I think the people who walked under our trees on a hot day would think we were very fine neighbors," said Miss Justright.

"When can we do it?" Jerry asked. "Right now?"

"If my brothers and I plant a row of trees on both sides of the road from our farm to town, will that make us neighbors of everybody who goes along the road?" Leonard asked. "We have been thinking of it."

"Very good neighbors, I should say," said Miss Justright.

"I wonder if we can't put all these things into the RULES OF THE GAME," said Jonathan.

A COMMUNITY CODE

I will try in all the ways I can to be a good citizen of my community and a good neighbor to as many people as I can.

I will try to make my community safe and beautiful, kind and friendly.

I will try to make strangers feel welcome and at home when they come to live in my neighborhood.

